

A Courtship.

A RICH young gentleman, a few years ago, became marvellously uneasy. His sleep was broken; his heart throbbed violently, the poor fellow was suffering the last agonies of love. He unfortunately was *squint* eyed, but reckoning on his wealth, he commenced loving a pretty young black-eyed girl, who had much of this world's good, but—who was deaf. She managed to preserve the ties of sociality, by *listening* to the looks and translating the expressions of the ever shifting countenance. She concealed her mortifying deafness from her lover, he began to whisper his limpid love, but the fair lady made no response,—the squint eyed Lothario angrily bawled out to his love “why the deuce she did not answer his questions?” “Why, sir, I did not hear you.” “What, are you deaf then?” “Yes sir,” with a blush.

The next morning he sent the following note;

“My dear Miss —, I cannot bring my mind to admire deception. I sympathise with your defect: which you attempted to conceal—unsuccessfully—I must bid you good bye. I never can love a *deaf* wife. Yours with profound esteem.”

The young lady, not at all terrified, returned the following answer.

“My dear sir,—No tint of words can change your ugly temper. I scorn your tantalizing sympathy. I cannot conceive a more ludicrous object than yourself. I mean your squint eye. Yours with great deliberation.”

A DAY AMONG THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

It was a beautiful day, in the beginning of the autumn of '34, that a party of friends had agreed upon visiting a small cascade among the Green Mountains. As it was distant some twelve miles from our residence, we seated ourselves in the coach immediately after breakfast, being duly prepared for spending the day in the vicinity of the cascade. The road, which led to our place of destination, wound along the base of a mountain, the sides of which were covered with pines, and other evergreens, interspersed with the birch and maple, whose leaves of a thousand dyes, afforded a striking contrast with those of the dark pine.

Autumn had just assumed her many-colored and magnificent robe, and had touched, with her golden wand, every object in nature. As we proceeded, our route crossed the *otter creek*, whose unbroken surface, reflected distinctly every object on its banks.

We then left the river, and began to ascend the mountain, gradually at first, but soon our road seemed almost perpendicular.

I was quite alarmed, at the extreme steepness of the course we were pursuing, and heard with pleasure, the proposal of the driver, that we should alight, as it was impossible to proceed further in the carriage, and we were quite near the falls. After leaving the coach, we began ascending the mountain, by a narrow path, which, leading to the falls, passed through thickets of evergreens, and was only wide enough for one to proceed at a time. As we advanced, we could hear distinctly, the roaring of the cascade beyond. At last we reached the summit, and the prospect before us did indeed make us to forget our steep and toilsome way. It was the wildest and the most singularly interesting I ever looked upon.

The mountain, on one side of the cascade, was slightly undulating, (at least near the bed of the river,) on the other, (the side by which we had ascended,) it was a bold high ridge; the level ground on its summit, scarcely more than two rods

in width, descending on either hand perpendicularly, having on one side the cascade at its base, and on the other a beautiful country spread out in all the rich variety of an autumnal day, with lovely villages in the distance ; and far as the eye could reach were to be seen the bright waters of the lake Champlain. We turned from viewing the beautiful scenery, and approached the falls.

How splendidly that glittering water, which was of late so still and quiet as we crossed it, was here leaping onward over the mountain's brow, gathering new strength as it dashed on, and sending upward, into the clear blue sky, a white curling mist from its surface, that rested like a spirit above us, in the solitude, and seemed to soften the stern mountain scene, as a 'bright smile shines through a giant's wrath.' I gazed upon the crystal flood as it swept on in its rocky path, and listened to the strange wild music which its beatings against the rocks produced ; and as I listened, how many recollections thronged upon my mind. Thoughts of childhood, youth, home, friends, and all that is good and holy on earth or in heaven, came over me with deep and secret power.

Mysterious nature ! thou art indeed a holy book, opened by the Almighty's hand ; and who can look on the visible manifestations of his goodness, wisdom and power, without receiving lessons of deep import to the soul ! In contemplating such scenes in nature, the mind insensibly wanders from all earthly things, and exists in a creation of its own, and it is only by a recurrence to the busy world, that the charm which bound us to better existence is dissolved. It was not until my name had been repeatedly re-echoed by the rocks, that I became aware that I had strayed from my companions.

I began clambering up the rocks, holding at every step by twigs and shrubs, and crossing broken ridges which it seemed almost impossible I could have so unconsciously passed, till at last I succeeded in reaching our little party.

They had, it seemed, searched in vain for me among the wild rocks that surround the cascade, and had about concluded that the spirit of the mountain had charmed me away into its secret and deep recesses. I found them all equally delighted with the beautiful cascade, and many striking places were pointed out, which I before passed without noticing ; one was a huge rock, through which the water had forced a passage ; it was a

perfect miniature representation of the natural bridge ; covered over with moss and shrubs, having one pine tree on its side, which seemed to derive its nourishment from the rocks themselves, so totally unconnected was it with the soil around.

Near the rock was a table of granite, hanging over the precipice, on which a multitude of names were carved. But they who would thus secure to themselves an immortality, should remember 'time's effacing fingers' can at length wear smooth even the firm unchanging granite.

Our little party now seated themselves under the delightful shelter of a tree, whose branches spread themselves far around us, and partook of the refreshments provided for our excursion, while we listened to the mingled music of the cascade, and the mountain bird. Among these beautiful scenes, time had passed away unheeded, and the lengthened shadows of evening warned us, at last, of our homeward course.

I left the gray old mountain, and beautiful cascade, with impressions, never to be forgotten ; and that day spent amid its beauties, may be classed among those

' Moments in life, that are never forgot,
Which brighten and brighten as time steals away;
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
And they smile on the gloom of the loneliest day.'

A DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

‘WHAT shall be done with these foolish letters,’ said Adelaide Vernon, as she pushed from her almost contemptuously a small sealed package which lay on her work table? ‘I would not have my husband see them for the world; he might think I had deceived him, and that Henry Tilden was really beloved.’

She leaned her head upon her hand, and for some moments seemed absorbed in deep and painful reflections. At length after a severe internal struggle she again communed audibly with herself. ‘My duty is plain; Vernon must see these letters, be the consequences to me what they may. I have never yet concealed any thing from him relative to myself, and he *deserves* my entire confidence. True, I incur the risk

of becoming lowered in his estimation ; but much as I desire his continued respect, it is still better to be conscious of my own rectitude. I will not sacrifice *principle* even to the fear of losing what I feel to be above all other price.'

It was not without reason that Adelaide Vernon at first shrunk from the act which strict integrity required her to perform. Just as she was merging from girlhood into womanhood, when the heart of a youthful female *knows* little of the world and less of itself, she had fancied that she returned the affection of Henry Tilden. When he spoke to her of his love, she felt none of that weariness or disgust, which she had experienced before on similar occasions, and with little sensation of any kind she consented to receive his attention. Her feelings towards him were in fact of a sisterly kind, and under the impulse of such feeling she had expressed many things in correspondence with him, which as they were written to a lover, seemed as affectionate as a lover could expect. But when her parents desired her to discontinue her correspondence and to drop his acquaintance, the effort cost her on *her own* account, not one pang of regret. She was astonished at first at her own firmness, but by a little self-examination she soon learnt the real state of her heart and saw the calamity from which she had been rescued. Her lover's letters were committed to the flames, and her's she supposed at the time shared a like fate.

It was some months after this that Adelaide was introduced at a social party to the gifted Horace Vernon. Accustomed as she was to the attentions of the other sex, she did not notice particularly that he was by her side all the evening. All she knew was that the party was delightful, that she was in fine spirits and that the evening passed away unaccountably. Vernon saw her home and had thus a farther opportunity of conversing with her. If he was charmed with her personal beauty and with the ease and dignity of her manners, he was completely won by the purity and richness of her mind. Vernon had seen and knew much of the world, and more than all he had studied deeply his own heart. He could not now be deceived as to the character of Adelaide, or the nature of his own feelings ; and as he slowly retraced his steps homeward, he fervently hoped that the beautiful girl from whom he had just parted might one day be his ; with this object in view, he resolved on all suitable occasions to renew his acquaintance.

But although Vernon met Adelaide often, various circumstances, together with the consciousness of his own feelings, prevented anything like a familiar acquaintance. If he found occasionally an opportunity to converse with her, the tones of her voice were sweet and low in reply, and her eye often unconsciously rested on him when she was surrounded by the brilliant and the gay. Once, they had sung together with evident pleasure to both ; it was true their voices harmonized finely, and others seemed gratified as well as themselves.

The favorable moment had not yet arrived for the denouement, when Vernon missed Adelaide from the social group. It was not until after repeated disappointments of this kind that he ventured to inquire something concerning her, and he could hardly conceal his chagrin on learning that she was absent from the city on a visit of some months. But a lover's heart is fruitful in expedients and Vernon did not despair. He immediately penned her a letter, expressing in a most delicate manner his regard, and requesting permission to cultivate her acquaintance. His style was not very affectionate, but what would please a high-minded woman better—it was *modest and respectful*.

The contents of this letter took Adelaide entirely by surprise. She had never dreamed that she was beloved by Horace Vernon, and she knew not until this moment that she felt for him any uncommon preference. But the emotion she felt on perusing his letter, the sensations that thrilled every fibre of her heart, so new and so delightful, revealed to her beyond a doubt the true state of her feelings. For some days she was utterly absorbed in the new and enchanting world so suddenly opened to her view in the inmost recesses of her own heart. She was never weary of repeating the song in which their voices had once blended and in imagining that the tones of a rich mellow voice were again mingling in harmony with her own. Yet his letter was still unanswered, and so jealous was she lest she should betray the real state of her heart to Vernon in the reply, that it was sometime ere she could find language sufficiently reserved to refer him to her parents as the token of her own approbation. This done, the answer was despatched, and Vernon lost no time in availing himself of his privilege. The consent of her parents was not long wanting to confirm his hopes, and he was now their frequent guest and could speak freely of his future plans. He wrote and received

frequent answers from Adelaide ; but though still reserved as to the nature of her own heart, he flattered himself that he was nevertheless beloved.

At length he was permitted to visit her for the purpose of accompanying her home. Adelaide took this opportunity frankly to state to him the nature of her acquaintance with young Tilden, but disowned ever feeling for him any other than a sisterly attachment. Horace felt unhappy at her recital, and feared she might even now be mistaken with regard to the nature of her feelings. He told her he could never be satisfied with any other than the first place in her affections, and that his highest ambition was to be her first and only love. 'Believe me, you are already such,' said Adelaide, overcome by the touching sadness of her lover and her own long subdued tenderness. Vernon pressed her hand unresisting to his lips, and assured her of his gratitude for her condescension in so effectually dispelling his fears. There was a sincerity and earnestness in her reply which made Vernon completely happy.

Not many months after this, Vernon received as pledge of her sincerity, the same lovely hand freely given him at the altar. It is needless to say that with her hand, Adelaide gave her undivided heart. It is rather of the hearts which were thus intertwined of which we would speak. Vernon's was noble and affectionate. Adelaide's was faithful and confiding. To promote the happiness of the other was the chief object of each.

Years had now passed away—but they found them still blessed in the society of each other ; never weary, nor unmindful, nor ungrateful. With a delicacy of which the pure and noble hearted only can conceive, their every act was made to each other expressive of their love ; and yet the most fastidious could not have found ought in look or word to censure. The gentleness of manner, the sweet low tone, the kind look and respectful language were never laid aside in their daily intercourse, but all seemed to flow spontaneous from the heart. The unprincipled might assert that their lives were poor in incident, but it was not so :—true the storm of passion was not there, nor the meanness of deceit, nor the misery of discontent. But they were rich in all such incidents as elevate, ennoble, and make happy the heart. The incident on which my tale is founded was of this character. Adelaide had just now come

in possession of her own letters, dictated by an inexperienced and youthful heart to Henry Tilden. It would be easy for her to consign them to the flames, as Vernon supposed such had been their fate long ago. But the faithful wife felt that she should be unworthy of her husband's confidence, were she capable of any concealment on a subject which interested them both. It was not merely that her duty as a wife obliged her to be thus scrupulous, but it was the respect and affection which she as a wife had ever experienced, her intimate acquaintance with her husband's noble character, and her own honorable sentiments combined, which urged her to a sincere and open course of conduct. 'Yes, Vernon must see these letters without comment,' said she, 'and judge for himself as to the feelings which dictated their contents.'

When Vernon opened his escritoire that evening the first object which met his eye, was the package before mentioned, folded in an envelope and directed to himself in Adelaide's handwriting; with a request that he would peruse them and decide upon their character. He unsealed the bundle and seemed not a little moved on perusing their contents. He then carefully compared them with those which he had received as the lover of Adelaide. The cloud which hung upon his brow at the commencement of his search disappeared, and he hastened with the important package to his wife's boudoir.

She heard his approaching footsteps, but had not the courage to raise her head at his entrance. 'Fear not, my love,' said he advancing and tenderly taking her hand, which trembled from her emotion, 'if I wanted any confirmation of my happiness, these letters would be proof of my possessing your entire affection. You look surprized, but dearest, I have compared these letters with those which you once wrote to me. In the former you seemed to *try* to write affectionately, in the latter you strove to *conceal* or *cover* your sentiments by the delicacy of your language and maidenly reserve. The beauty of composition in the latter exceeded by far that of the former. To Henry you wrote as if you had no thoughts *worth concealing*; to me you wrote as if your heart was treasuring up a secret *quite too large* for it to contain in its hidden recesses.'

Adelaide smiled at her husband's discernment, and playfully observed, that 'she was sure she had no secret now unrevealed, and that she would never again fear the loss of his esteem, when she was conscious of her own integrity.'

‘ You have acted just as I thought you *would*, my own dutiful wife,’ said Vernon ; ‘ for I must tell you, to reward your faithfulness, that I *knew* you had those letters in your possession ; it was *myself* who *directed* them to be *conveyed to you*.’ As may be supposed, Adelaide’s happiness was rather increased than diminished by this unexpected news. Would that every wife might act as nobly under similar circumstances and find a similar reward.

Maine, Oct. 1834.

S. F. W.

A Fine Day.

A countryman who was what is termed a little silly, got an idea into his head that it was always a fine day. His friends were anxious to get the better of this extraordinary prejudice of his. So one day, when Samuel came in very cold, there being a very severe snow-storm at the time, he came in all white with his clothes all covered with snow; he was like a cloud of snow—they thought it a good opportunity to try him. They said, “a terrible snow this.” Says Samuel, “it’s a fine day.” They were very anxious to convince him of his error, and they waited till another day, when there was a deluge of rain, and he was quite drenched, his hat hanging down, and his clothes all wet, and he appeared in a most uncomfortable condition, feeling in such a way apparently as to confess any thing. “A terrible rain this,” they observed to him. “O, a fine day,” Samuel answered. After this they waited some months longer, and at last a dreadful storm occurred—the rain came down in torrents, the wind blew as to go through him—the lightning flashed about him, and the thunder roared over him, and Samuel was in terrible consternation—he came in quite pale with dread. They thought this a glorious opportunity to root out of his mind the extraordinary notion that it was always fine weather, and remarked, “this is a terrible storm.” But Samuel, with his usual manner, soused down on a chair, and said “Yes, it’s a fine day!”

Half more than the Whole.

The man of true genius must never allow his fancy to sparkle too brightly or too long. An overfulness of any thing is as bad as its too frequent repetition. So much is this the case as to have given rise to the apparent paradox, that “the half is more than the whole.” The truth of this saying we shall illustrate by a little story:—An Indian, who had a quantity of rich emeralds, showed one for sale to a skilful jeweller, who gave him a price far beyond his expectation. The Indian took out a second, which was still more beautiful than the first; the jeweller, however, valued it at one half less; and he did the same in proportion with the third and fourth. Upon this, the Indian, greatly surprised to find that the more exquisite the quality of the stones which he produced, the smaller a sum was offered for them, inquired the cause. “It is,” said the jeweller, “because an abundance of even the most precious things lessens their value; the esteem for them ceasing along with their rarity.”

To complain that life has no joys while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our councils, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess, and is just as rational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands.

A Long Story.

AN Italian nobleman, who was grievously afflicted with old age and the gout, entertained a *conteur*, a fable narrator, whose business it was to talk him to sleep. The *conteur* was a man to have talked the world to sleep in twenty minutes; but the excessive restlessness of his patron sometimes defied his utmost exertions. One night it fell out that the marquis was particularly wakeful, and the *conteur's* invention more than usually slow. He had exhausted his whole stock in hand of adventures, and contrived (such as they were) three new tales; but still the patient slept not, and kept calling upon him to continue. At length, wearied out, the *conteur* struck at a fresh fable. "There was a poor peasant," said he, "who dwelt upon the Pomeranian mountains, who went forth one day to a neighboring market to purchase a flock of sheep: he made his bargain, though prices were high, and set out on his return home, driving 200 ewes"—("It was a large flock," muttered the marquis)—"200 ewes, besides lambs, before him; but a storm arose towards night, and the rivulets swelled with the rain; at length the peasant came to the bank of a wide river, which was no longer fordable, from the floods, though it had been so when he passed in the morning. There was no bridge nearer than three leagues, and the roads were getting heavy for the cattle. Could a boat be procured? There was one, but so small that it would only carry one sheep at a time. In this dilemma the traveller had no choice; he put a sheep into the boat, rowed it over with some difficulty (for the stream was now strong and rapid), landed it on the far shore, and returned for another." When the *conteur* had arrived at this point of his story, he stopped, and composed himself to sleep; but the nobleman, who was still awake, cried out, as usual, "Go on, Beneditto; go on. Why do you not proceed with the farmer on his journey?" "Ah! let me sleep, my lord, I entreat you," returned the *conteur* in despair; "I shall be awake again, I am sure, before he has got his sheep over."

A REMINISCENCE OF YOUTH.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

Perhaps there are few persons who attach so much importance to trifling circumstances as myself—or who treasure up with more interest the smallest incident connected, in any way, with the history of an acquaintance, a friend, or a relative. I have often been astonished, as I have taken cognizance, in my wanderings up and down in the world, at the apparent indifference with which most people treat the recollection of old acquaintances. They will read, or hear an account, of the marriage or death of the son, the daughter, the father, or the mother of a former friend or relative, now passed from their circle; or the removal to other climes of that same relative or friend; or his appointment to some office of honor, responsibility, or trust; or perhaps his marriage, or his death—with no enlargement of heart and no stirring of the spirit within. With me such trifles waken the most sacred feelings and open a train of hallowed associations.

* * * * *

It was a rough stormy afternoon in a September of my childhood, there was a chilliness in the air, and we had all gathered about the fire as it had been a winter's day, when a carriage drove furiously up to the gate. My father rose instantly and walked to the window: 'Bless me,' he exclaimed, 'who have we here? A gentleman and lady and two children, with a driver; and who can they be? I am sure I do not know them;' and then he walked back to the fire in a state of musing, and then again to the window. By this time they had all alighted, and without ceremony the door was opened for their reception. The gentleman approached my father, and with a look and tone of inquiry, 'This is Deacon Hazleton, I presume?' at the same time extending his hand.

'It is,' replied my father. 'I hope you are very well, sir,' said the former; my father looked blank, and stared and at length replied, 'I am, but—sir, really—I have—I am sure I do not recollect you, sir.'

'I presume not,' replied the gentleman, 'for I have nev-

er had the pleasure of seeing you before ; but my name is Hazleton, I am the son of John Hazleton, and the grandson of old Arthur Hazleton, and this is my wife—Heaven forgive my impiety, who was my cousin-german, the daughter of his brother Samuel.’

My father, to whom the very name was ever a passport to his friendship and his kindness, exclaimed ‘ Is it possible ! you are very welcome, then. Well, well ! the grandson of my old Uncle Arthur. ’Tis many a year since I have seen him, or heard aught of his family. Do be seated, all, and let the horses be taken to the stable, where they will find oats and hay in abundance. I am really glad to see you ;’ and he smoothed his hoary locks with his hand, while the tears started to his eyes in obedience to the associations of his youth. Directly the best damask table cloth was spread upon the old cherry table, and ere long it was pressed beneath the weight of an old fashioned Connecticut supper, warm biscuit, toast, mince pie, chicken pie, butter, cheese, and apple-sauce. The guests with the family were immediately seated beside it, where an hour was passed in eating, colloquy and anecdote. At length the supper was finished, and the friends, after having been urged and pressed and urged again, to partake in more abundance of what the table offered, were collected round the broad granite hearth, while each in turn told his own history, and none retired for the night until my father had gone through with the whole story of three brothers, who were all engaged in the revolutionary struggle, and at the same ? in the battle at New London ; reminiscences which he never failed to relate on all similar occasions. With a sacredness of feeling he commenced in this instance, as he ever did, with James, who in defence of his country fell before the cannon’s mouth. He stood beside the gallant Ledyard in the battle of Fort Griswold before he yielded his sword to that base and craven traitor who thrust it through his body. But he fell, and the ranks soon closed over him. Nor did he forget to add the remarkable and singular fact of his having taken, but a few hours before the battle in which he lost his life, some tar, and engraven upon his pantaloons, perhaps for mere sport, the initials of his name, J. H. remarking with a smile to his companions as he did it, ‘ You will know me by these letters ;’ and that, in truth, by that very mark alone, after the heat of the battle, and the slaughter and carnage of the day, he was recognized by his comrades among the

slain, and thereby his hat, through which the ball perforated, with other articles of his apparel stained with his blood, were conveyed to his parents, and for years sacredly preserved as the melancholy token of their sacrifice and his valor !

Next in order was John, who served his country with equal bravery, but who fell not in glory's field. Before the revolutionary contest closed, he was returned to his friends in the very crisis of yellow fever, taken in some foreign port, of which in a few days he died, in the calm full hope of a freedom not merely from a monarchical tyranny, but a freedom such as immortality alone can give ; a liberty,

‘ Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers

‘ Of earth and hell confederate, take away.’

And next was Joseph, who, after a time, was attached to the navy ; but in his manhood's glory he sickened and died, and they laid him ashore, and hallowed his rude and narrow grave, on the far-off island of Hayti, where his bones have doubtless long ago mingled with the soil of Port-au-Prince, and not a tear of relative has ever fallen there, though kindred eyes have ceaselessly moistened at the recollection of his brief yet promising career, and lonely distant grave !

But I am far from the object for which I took my pen, which was simply to relate a reminiscence of my own.

By a train of circumstances peculiar in themselves, and at present inexplicable, and it may be uninteresting to the reader, I was a traveller without attendant or protector at Schenectady, on board a packet-boat on the Erie Canal, bound to its farthest end. Ten years ago, the period of which I write, it was thought extremely ungenteeled, in our sister state, and unbecoming too, for a lady to be seen travelling alone, or without an attendant, even from the borders of one county to another. Indeed she could not command due courtesy, unless was added to these the garb of a traveller, habit, bonnet, veil and reticule. Fortunately I possessed all the latter, and in Yankee phrase, should not have *looked* the former, but by mere accident. However, determined to make the best of the matter, and let native dignity perform the office of guardian, with a note of introduction I passed from one boat to another, as each performed its destined rout, holding thereby superior claim to the best birth, first seat at table, and sharing many other courtesies which the gallant captains pleased to offer, until we were within ten or twelve miles of Rome. It had been my intention to stop for a few

weeks in the vicinity of the last mentioned place, and visit at the house of a relation, before proceeding farther west. It therefore became necessary to consult on the best mode of being conveyed there. The captain of the packet, with whom I held counsel, informed me that the canal did not pass within twelve or fourteen miles of the place where my friends resided, and that my best way would be to stop at the public house a few rods from the canal, at which he would arrive in the course of an hour, and there take conveyance to the spot. This I concluded on, and accordingly my baggage was adjusted and set in order upon the deck, that no hindrance might be felt by the remaining passengers. When we were at the nearest point to the Inn where I was to stop, and the packet was drawn ashore, the captain gave my baggage to a footman, and politely accompanied me to the 'sitting room,' answering the treble purpose of parlor, dining-room, and bar-room, of the rude tavern. After a formal introduction to its host in his fustian dress, and an apologetic smile attended with a bow, he left me.

My first object was to ascertain if any conveyance could be found to my friends. On inquiry it seemed a thing utterly impossible, as horses and carriages were articles in which the rustic inhabitants of that then unsettled part of the country, having no call for their use, knew nothing about ; and indeed it appeared to me as though they might be superfluous, for the country around, which at that time was not only unsettled, but uncleared, was a very wilderness. I was entirely at a loss what course to pursue, as I now met with a barrier I had not anticipated. Never was a girl of eighteen in a more perplexing dilemma, or truly romantic predicament. I heartily repented my expedition, and firmly resolved never to attempt a similar excursion, at least during the years of my minority. Just at this moment I recollected a family friend who I had been told resided somewhere in that vicinity ; and I immediately turned to the landlord and inquired if Mr. Smith resided in the neighborhood.

'What, Frank Smith ? yes, he keeps a tavern about a mile from here,' he replied. Encouraged by this throw of the die, I drew my veil and ordered my baggage conveyed to the residence of Mr. Smith. I then asked a guide, and was immediately on my way to his dwelling. The burning cloudless sun of July was just setting, and our path led through a dense forest of deal and sycamore, whose bright foliage was already moistened by the gentle summer dew, and all nature around was silent in

august majesty save the delightful plaintive song of the red-eyed fly-catcher, as from her perch in the darkest recess of the forest she trolled it on the breeze, making solitude ten-fold deeper. Never shall I forget the scene, or the good-natured ragged little urchin who was my conductor. The way, though in distance short, was growing wearisome, being myself in rather a pensive melancholy mood; yet I determined to look up with fortitude, and with more loftiness and pride a maiden's head was never crested, or her heart more strongly nerve? Hoping to cast aside the tedious vexation and disappointment which I felt was oppressing me,

'My boy,' said I 'who lives in that house yonder?' pointing to a miserable looking log cabin in the distance.

'Our folks,' was the quick and laconic reply.

'Your folks, and who are your folks, my lad?'

'Why ma'am, dad's name is Scot.'

'Indeed—I thought you belonged to Mr. Brigham, the tavern keeper.'

'Oh, no ma'am, he ha'nt any children, and he wanted a boy to do *chores* for him, and so dad thought I had better go and live with him until marm got better; and so I went last May, and he give me a whole suit of clothes, and Jo cries every time I go home, cause he can't come and live there too, so's he can have some new clothes just like me.'

'Is your mother sick?' said I.

'Yes, she has been sick this great while with the mittant fever and Dr. Fulsome doctors her, and he said the last time he come that she would not live long.'

'Do you visit her often?'

'I used to, but she always cried and took on so, and said so often she did not know what would become of us when she was dead, that it made me feel dreadfully, and I do'nt love to go there now.'

'Have you any sisters to take care of her in her sickness?'

'No ma'am, my oldest sister is eight, and dad takes all the care of her, and that is'nt much; for its 'ony a little porridge that she wants, or somethin of that sort.'

'Have you been to school any?' I again asked.

'Not since we lived up here,' he replied. 'I went a little when we lived in Herkinier, but there a'nt any schools up here.'

Just as he finished this reply we emerged from the wilderness, and I found myself within a few rods of Mr. Smith's resi-

dence. It was an antique Dutch building of tolerable dimensions, one story high, and a long portico extending in front, supported by firm hickory columns, to which the Corinthian art had never lent its aid, and the whole venerable pile, base and superstructure had submitted only to the decorations of time, being of a dark grey color, with here and there a tuft of moss upon its roof, and on its lintels the name of many a traveller, doubtless mistaken and benighted like myself, were rudely carved, with all the intermediate dates from 1760 to 1825. A group of Indians stood in loitering moody silence at one corner of the piazza. The last remnant of the Oneidas, a powerful and warlike tribe, which since has become extinct or amalgamated with others of their race, and left their lands to the quiet possession of their white invaders. In another corner were coiled the sturdy frames of several bold and intrepid western pioneers, and their voices mingling in loud and boisterous consultation.

Viewed through the bright glad medium of youthful vision, and especially to a heart like my own, wrapt in the spell of romance, and merged in the broad deep waters of enthusiasm, every thing like novelty possesses a charm ; and therefore such as I have related, produced associations and sentiments, and excited feelings which I would not have exchanged for all the certainty and conveyance attending the unincidental course of the straight-forward traveller. Passing these, who individually cast a curious, though respectful glance at my person, I ascended the rough unhewn stone step to the threshold, and entered the house. Presently a tall brawny giant-like form, with a hand and arm that wanted neither nerve or sinew to wield a sceptre, appeared before me, in the person of the landlord, making sundry obeisances and offers of services.

‘Does not Mr. Smith keep this house?’ I asked.

‘No ma’am, he sold out to me some months ago ; yet he still lives here, and boards in my family.’

‘Is he in at this time ?’

‘He is not, but will be presently : be seated ma’am.’ I accordingly seated myself, ordered supper and lodging prepared, and was left to my own musings. By the melancholy light just departing in the western horizon, and mingling with the broad ray of a full summer moon, I could more accurately determine the locality of the dwelling than by the furtive stronger glance I had previously given it. It was situated on a slight eminence, on one side garrisoned by the dense and hoary sycamore forest

just mentioned, and on the other a wide extended plain of gnarled pine shrubbery, formed a picketed defence, save here and there an outlet, as it might be called, made by the logging wheels of a lumber team, or a solitary decayed pleasure waggon. Behind it was an open, cultivated field, and on its front adjacent—and ah, that beautiful rustic rural front, there was a scenery picturesque, lovely enough to charm the proudest mind, the most delicate and fervid imagination, and cause detention in the traveller on errand of mighty import—on its front across the way which passed it, and which surely could not bear the name of a ‘beaten track,’ as not unfrequently was seen in the midst an untrodden turf sending up its stunted spires of green, there stood in lofty grandeur a giant elm that laved its foliage in the sparkling ripples of a ‘brawling brook,’ that at the bottom of a slight declivity washed its roots, and babbling wound its way through forest and shrubbery, tributary to the Mohawk: beyond this was a spot of open prairie land, dotted here and there by the mud-walled cottages of many a German emigrant; and still beyond these, forests and hill-rising in beauty and majesty, apparently holding strife on the principle of the builders of Babel.

Whoever has visited the place either by design or accident, (and that many have from such cause, and like myself, admired it too, the scratched and scribbled walls, posts, and lintels of the dwelling, as I have already said, even at that day bore ample testimony,) will recollect it from this hasty sketch. I had entirely forgotten my absolute, stranger situation, and woful dilemma, in admiration of the scene. But the supper bell recalled my senses, and here, in justice to the lady-hostess, Mrs. Wilson of that pilgrim land, I must say, though a frequent and weary traveller since, I have never sat down to a better prepared, more delicate, delicious meal, either in town or city, notwithstanding the parade of gentility was wanting. I had just finished my solitary meal, when Mr. Smith made his appearance, and right glad was I to see him; for though I had never met him before, yet through the medium of relatives, I knew him well. After a short conversation, I made known my intention of visiting my uncle’s family, Mr. Parker, and modestly ventured to hint that he must carry me there. This seemed to meet his approbation, could it but be brought about; and I knew his heart had made frequent peregrinations to the residence of my fair cousins; yet, for want of due encouragement, or other laudable excuse, his corporeal part was seldom

its companion. He owned a horse and waggon, he said, the only one in the neighborhood, but just then his waggon was lent, and his harness out of repair, consequently his horse alone was at my service. I should not have hesitated to have availed myself of this, leaving the laggard bachelor behind, as fortunately, experience had rendered me skilful in horsemanship, had not a formidable obstacle arisen in the fact that my baggage must be left behind, and a carrier return with the horse, the whole distance, fifteen miles. He said, however, that I might find a conveyance in the course of the next day to the 'jutt,' five or six miles on my way, where the great road intersected ; and I could meet a stage or some other mode suited to the dignity and character of a lady. He would see to it early in the morning ; I therefore bade him good night, and resolving patiently and quietly to wait the morrow, retired to my chamber, a close little room on the ground, ten by twelve feet square, furnished with a bed, a chair, and a light-stand. Weary with travel, but more with care and vexation, I soon fell asleep. The moon was at its zenith, when I was awakened by the melancholy notes of a whip-poor-will, pouring forth her dirge directly under my window. Her song had ever been familiar to me, and sweeter music than that of lute or harp ; and I listened in breathless attention to the plaintive tones. At length it ceased, and the noise of brawling feud from some rustic revellers, who had lingered in the bar-room, and become boisterous over their potations, came upon me with fear and trembling, putting to flight all the pleasure of melancholy, and leaving nothing but its gloom. I had no more sleep during the night, and when the morning dawned, I rose with the earliest bird, hoping ere long to find an end to my journey, as well as my vexation ; but what was my surprise to learn that my friend Mr. Smith had already left the mansion on business of importance, which could not be delayed, and would not return before noon, committing my cause to the worthy landlord till that time. I wished the bachelors all in France, at least till they should learn gallantry, for this provocation by one of their number. The kind landlord, however, seemed determined that nothing should be wanting on his part, in the way of politeness or attention to further my plans, and therefore was continually on the look out for some passer-by who might accommodate me with a ride to the 'jutt,' as it is technically called. I was regaled at breakfast with a fine cup of mocha,—thanks to that new mode

of transportation, the Erie canal,—and fresh salmon. Having breakfasted, I took my bonnet for a stroll, to see what to admire, and to admire what I might see. I first bent my steps to the creek, then followed its course till it brought me in conjunction with the cart-track which had taken the name of road, where a bridge was thrown across it, and then again diverged till it was lost in the forest. Here I was met by several teamsters, whose ‘whoa, haw, gee,’ half articulated, died upon their lips, in the intenseness of their curiosity, which failed them not, until they had long passed me, as I could ascertain by their backward gaze. Having sufficiently admired the stream, the forest and the hill, curiosity mingled with an inherent sympathy with the feelings of Solyma’s king, when he said, ‘it is better to go the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting,’ prompted me to turn my steps to the miserable hut of the sick woman, Mrs. Scott, which was but a short distance from the spot where I then stood. I had nearly reached the threshold, when my attention was arrested by the sound of a carriage and presently saw in the distance what was called a ‘two-horse pleasure waggon,’ making speed in the way I wished to go. Believing this to be a favorable augury, I immediately hastened back to the tavern, most appropriately so called. There I found collected in solemn council in my behalf, before the door, eight or ten strong and sturdy men, the teamsters aforementioned among the number, whose interest I found, the landlord had previously secured for me. Each made it with earnestness his own case, or that of his own daughter, and each was ready to offer me all the assistance in his power; for they wanted not either the spirit or the gallantry of the age of chivalry. As I approached their assembly, making my way to the door, a tall, stout-looking one among their number turned towards me, and respectfully raising his broad-rimmed felt, inquired if I were the lady who wished a conveyance to Squire Parker’s. I replied in: the affirmative to which he answered, he had just come from that neighborhood and knew squire Parker very well, and if he did but know I was there waiting to go to his house, he would send for me in less than no time; and added, what I already knew, that there was neither stage or post waggon, or any public conveyance on the road; but he did not doubt I should find some one in the course of the day, who would be going that way, and could carry me as well as not; yet if I did not, he should return to-morrow, and

he would call and take a note of information from me to him, and he could send for me.

This I thought a wise plan, but at that moment the 'pleasure waggon,' containing a gentleman and lady, was by our side.

'Here is a waggon now, that can take you as well as not, I dare say,' said he, and with equal promptitude to the gentleman, 'halloo, sir ! here is a lady, who wishes a conveyance to squire Parker's in Tabury ; will you have the goodness to take her in your waggon, as you are going that way, and convey her to the 'jutt,' or the main road, where she will be able to find a conveyance suited to her dignity ?'

The gentleman merely drew up his reins for a moment, and then drove on without a reply. The teamster enraged at what he deemed an indignity to myself, turned to one of his comrades and exclaimed, 'Well, that is a gentleman, I declare. Here, Stephens, help me to unload my team, and I'll take the lady back to squire Parker's myself, now.'

The idea of a young lady of eighteen, four-hundred miles from home, in a strange land, and under the protection of a stranger, and travelling on an ox-team, was really ludicrous, and forced a smile to my lips in the midst of my perplexity, and in face of his offer, which was prompted by the most noble and generous sentiments, and which might have put to shame the gallantry of many better bred. I smoothed my face instantly, and thanked him for his kindness ; and know not but I should have accepted it, ridiculous as it was, in my unwillingness to offend principles such as I discovered in his heart, and in my eagerness and anxiety to reach a place that seemed at least inhabited—had not the gentleman just at the moment brought his horses to a dead halt, and it became apparent that his supposed contempt of the teamster's request, originated in the fact that he was upon a declivity, and his horses would not be reined in until they had reached the bottom. He now turned and asked to have the request repeated, which was immediately done by the teamster, accompanied by a word of apology and explanation, and the same was readily and politely granted ; and the whole arrangement, till I with my baggage was well situated in the vehicle, was performed with far more of etiquette than I could have supposed that unsettled, out of the way place, had to boast. I graciously thanked my benefactor from my inmost soul for his attention, at the same time in a manner as unoffendingly as I could, slipped a bank-note of small amount into his

weather beaten hand. It was immediately returned, and with a look of indignity which I should hardly have expected from royalty itself, and the gentleman drove on. But never, since that, have I unclasped my purse, purposely to reward politeness of heart, or kindness of soul, believing that such find a higher reward within and above ; and the circumstance, trifling as it is, remains with memory as a proof of the remark made by another that there is as much *refinement of feeling* among the low and uneducated as among the polished and high.

I found the gentleman and lady, my companions, very polite, agreeable, and intelligent, and in course of conversation ascertained that the gentleman was no less a person than Dr. Fulsome, of Rome, the medical attendant of Mrs. Scott, in whose wretchedness I had felt so much interest, and who, he informed me, died the preceding night. The lady, I understood to be his wife. Indeed, before we parted, we had become acquainted with each other ; and their agreeable manners, kind and generous deportment, attentive interest in my welfare, as well as the pressing invitation to accompany them home and tarry awhile in their family, I have treasured up and put it on record here, as among the many trifling circumstances of my life which have given birth to cherished sentiments, tender associations, and which in themselves merit

‘ A local habitation and a name.’

With nothing further worthy of remark, I arrived at my good Uncle’s before sunset, where I passed the evening in relating the above adventures to the great mirth of the family, and ascertained that the name of my worthy pioneer, the teamster, was Simeon Simons.

It was five or six years subsequent to this period, that I was travelling from Niagara, Upper Canada, to Buffalo, New York. As the custom was, the stage stopped at Forsyth’s, just at the ‘ Falls,’ for the passengers to dine and pass away the time as they chose from twelve till three. I had visited the place two or three times before, consequently felt none of that wild untamed curiosity which inspires the traveller on his first tour. Still with an irresistible feeling like that with which we search out old acquaintance, or, having admired the beautiful of nature, turn back to admire and gaze again, I involuntarily bent my steps through the beautiful sloping garden, which every traveller

to that place recollects ; on the back of the house which leads to that mighty wonder worthy of a god, almost every traveller who has visited the spot, and *felt* that he has visited it, has given it a description as if endeavoring to embody the whole idea in language. But I have never seen any that has not proved itself unworthy of the theme. Brainard and Sigourney alone have approached within the veil of its sanctity, and it has beggared even their language. As well might the artist transfer the lightning, in its red and burning flash, to his canvass, as the pen describe it. For myself, I have visited the place, and revisited it, have journeyed thither, for the fourth or fifth time, have stood upon table-rock before its excavation, and since, have wandered about its wild recesses with a company of glad friends, and entirely alone, have descended its winding staircase, and stood behind its foaming, roaring sheet of water, drenched with the spray, have gazed upon its circular bow in mute and awe-struck admiration, have examined the whole scene from every possible view, and have left the place with the seal of silence on my lip ; for all I had to say was, I have seen it ! It is a scene too magnificent for language, formed for sight and thought alone.

Under the influence of such a sentiment I found myself crossing a deep and narrow ravine which passes through the small piece of woodland on the Canada side, a few rods from the falls. There were many strangers dispersed in groups around the place, some gazing in silence on the beauty and majesty of the scene, some pacing to and fro, upon the narrow walk beside the ‘ rapids ; ’ beautifully descriptive of which are the words of McKenney in allusion to their eternal destiny, ‘ onward ever ; ’ and others strolling apart, or in couples to enjoy a tete-a-tete with a friend, or it might be, a lover. On the most projecting point of table-rock, gazing with undiverted intensity into the foaming deep below, there stood a solitary individual, who, from his externals,—using the world’s standard,—belonged to neither of the two classes designated by high and low ; but the medium seemed his,—the sound and stable man. His form was tall and athletic, and he moved with an air of conscious dignity, fearless of aught ; and there was something in his whole appearance that possessed me with an unconquerable curiosity to know who he could be. How strangely are we guided in this quality of our natures ! we meet with one in all the externals of wealth, grandeur, and importance, and our

queries are satisfied with one single glance. He is one of the mighty ones of earth, his brow loaded with dignities and titles, whether ill or well deserved ; we ask not, and pass on. We meet another wrapped in the garb of lowliness and poverty, and we have no curiosity to know who he is. 'T is all plain ; he is the poor man, and there is nothing more about him, though his threadbare garments may enwrap a soul lofty as that of Aristides. But we meet with one, who, independent of time, place, circumstance, situation, occupation, everything, possesses an air of superiority. His dress seems to be a curious compound, made of just what happened to come in his way, without thought or care, devoid of all that studiousness and nicety which characterizes those who are attentive only to externals—giving evidence that his mind is intent on higher themes ; and we are at once curious to know who he is ; nor do we rest satisfied till we have searched him out. We suspect him a philosopher, statesman, poet, novelist, historian, or one who has purged nature of her dross, and sought out some mighty invention ; or, if jealous of our own right, and envious of greatness we cannot reach, we set him down as some crazy politician, some bewildered philosopher stricken with lunacy in mid-day of his career, or some disappointed lovesick one turned poet, (as though the genius of poetry, instead of being a direct benefice of Heaven, a high and holy unacquired talent, the most sacred, purest, loftiest guest of the heart, were but the mere weeds and alloy of nature, springing up like the thistle and the thorn on worn-out soil, or where nothing else would grow,) or a monomaniac in some cause or other ; at any rate we are constrained to acknowledge he is no ordinary man.

Thus, in the instance I am relating, I discovered an air of majesty, an indifference to the trifling concerns of earth, a loftiness peculiar only to great men of great minds. At first I thought him, from his nice observance of causes and effects, (for I watched him intently) some Newton ; and then as he turned and examined every stone that lay in his path, I conjectured he was some mighty geologist, preparing to enlighten the world with his deep-taught science ; then a statesman, then a novelist, though there was no aping the manners of any in his appearance ; and once, as he tripped in his walk, I thought I discovered strong symptoms of his being of the genius of him of Ayrshire. But in this I was mistaken, *for his feet were secured from the earth, and his garments all whole*, and I could

A REMINISCENCE.

'WE KNOW NOT WHAT A DAY MAY BRING FORTH.'

THERE are many days of our lives, yea months and years, which pass away, leaving no trace upon the memory to mark their footsteps. Again, there are other days, aye, moments, which make their mark so deeply upon the mind, that time has no power to erase it. These are periods of either peculiar joy or sadness; such as give birth to new hopes, or new connexions, consummate long-cherished wishes, or confirm fearful apprehensions.

Sometimes a sudden and unexpected change in the aspect of things around, overwhelms us with a sense of the uncertainty of human affairs, and gives the mind a shock, too powerful to be forgotten even amidst the subsequent changes of life.

I will leave those who delight to explore the regions of imagination to deck their phantasms with her gorgeous colorings; for myself, I love to dwell upon those realities which memory has garnered up in her store of sacred relics. From these, I will select for my readers, the scenes of *a day*, marked by great and sudden alternations of feeling arising from change of circumstances.

The associations which bound me to my mother were even more endearing and more tender, than is common in this most interesting relation. I was her youngest child, the offspring of her advanced age, and my father was still many years older ; in considering me as destined to become an early orphan, they both viewed me with an interest too deep and powerful to admit of that strict parental discipline which had marked the government of their elder children.—The *baby*, the appellation by which I was for many years known in the family, must by no means be crossed in her wishes or caprices, let them be ever so unreasonable. Though my health was as perfect as that of the young lamb, sporting upon the grassy turf, I was often tempted to complain for the satisfaction of seeing the immense power which I wielded over my mother's heart, in the expression of her deep anxiety.

At twelve I was much what might have been expected of a child of strong and undisciplined passions ; selfish, self-willed, and imperious. About this time, my taste for books, which had hitherto been gratified by such works as the *Tales of Marmontel*, *Madam de Genlis*, and *Richardson*, received a new direction from the letter of an elder sister, then abroad at school. She dealt with me in a candid but affectionate manner—told me of my faults and advised me to set about the work of self-education. Following her advice, I obtained 'Mrs. Chapone's Letters to her Niece,' 'Gregory's Legacy to his Daughters,' and 'Hannah More's works on Female Education.' As I read I endeavored to practise. Mrs. Chapone's letters 'On the Government of the Temper,' proved of great service in assisting me to govern myself. I began to keep a journal and to scrutinize my own conduct.

In two years I had become a very different being. A circumstance which contributed much to the softening my character was the declining health of my father. At his death it became my turn to watch over and comfort my mother, whose spirits sank beneath the stroke which separated her from her companion, friend, and counsellor. In her deep affliction she appeared for a time almost insensible to any attentions ; but she was at length enabled to say in the spirit of Christian resignation, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done !'

A few years after this event, a new connexion placed me in a new sphere of action, and my venerable mother for years honored and blessed with her presence the home where were

centered both my duties and happiness. My babes were pillowed on her bosom, and learned to lisp the name of grand-mamma with their first accents.

When God took to himself my lovely infant son, she was by me to whisper to my swelling heart, 'peace, be still.' And when another and far greater trial came, she who knew the grief of a widowed heart, and the source of the Christian's comfort in affliction, though unable to bind up the broken spirit, could direct the mourner to the 'true physician.'

I had hoped that the evening of my mother's days might have been passed at my own fireside, but God in his providence had made that domestic hearth desolate; after seeing my mother comfortably settled with her affectionate eldest daughter, I sought to find in new occupations, united to the care of my two little girls, relief from bitter and unavailing regrets. But I continued to regard as a sacred duty, regular and frequent intercourse with my aged parent, both by letters and visits.

It was the fashionable season for travelling in the year 18—, and while one party of my acquaintances were going to Saratoga, another to Niagara, and a third were refreshing themselves at the Pine Orchard, amidst the glowing beauty of the Catskill mountains, I, with my two little girls and their young nurse, set out upon one of my pilgrimages of filial affection and duty.

The children were too happy in the thought of seeing dear, good grandmamma, to be willing to loiter on the road, and I was too anxious to see the face of my venerable parent, and carry comfort to her heart, not to hasten my journey. Steam-boats and stages at length brought us, at a late hour on a Saturday night, to the place of her residence. She had retired for the night and I would not permit her rest to be disturbed; but in the morning, before the sun of a beautiful Sabbath had arisen, I was awoke by a gentle tread in my chamber, and in a moment embraced by my mother. Oh, how many tender feelings rushed upon me as I saw again that dear familiar countenance, exhibiting all that is serene and lovely in age, with none of its decay.

That holy Sabbath was delightfully calm. I went to the house of prayer with my widowed parent and my fatherless children, and sincerely did I thank God that he had granted us this interview, and petitioned that, when the cares and trials of life might be over, we might meet in his courts above. The next day my good mother proposed a visit to some

friends a few miles distant. It was a lovely morning in September when we took our seats in the carriage that was to convey us to M. My mother, in her joy at seeing us, seemed to have grown young again, and was scarcely less delighted than her little granddaughters, who talked and laughed and looked at mamma and grandmamma, and then at each other, as if all their earthly treasures were now concentrated.

They had so much to tell grandmamma, how nicely the pretty red and white stockings and mittens, which she knit for them, fitted; how well they had kept their dolls and little books she had given them, and how often they had asked mamma to read her letters to them; and then they wanted she should know all about their school and whom they loved best among their young acquaintances.

The country was at that time adorned with a profusion of splendid autumnal flowers, and these furnished us with a never-failing source of admiration and discourse as we jogged leisurely along through the fertile valley of a meandering stream, tributary to the Connecticut. The properties of plants had been much studied by my mother, and their botanical character was then a subject of research with me. I had just presented her with a newly published volume on Botany, which, for my sake, she had promised to study, and she said in pleasantry that she would then take her first lesson. At length we alighted for a short time at a small house to give our horses time to breathe. As we entered, I was alarmed by observing that my mother appeared ill. She was soon seized with spasms which continued until she sank into a state of insensibility.

Oh, how did I realize at that hour, that 'we know not what a day may bring forth.' In a strange house, with no other assistance than an inexperienced young woman, whose little babes were crying about her;—my own poor children dismayed and distressed at this sudden change in their dear grandmother;—and no medical aid to be had, within several miles. But it was no time for the indulgence of emotion; *I must act*. I briefly explained to my little daughters that they were too young to render me any assistance in this emergency, and that I must send them back to the village with our driver, who would obtain a physician and inform our friends of my need of assistance.

With bursting hearts the little girls took a hurried farewell

look of that friend, who was never before insensible to their griefs. What I did not allow myself to feel on my own account I could not but feel for them, and unutterably distressed. I gazed after them till their sobbings were lost in the rattling of wheels, and their images faded in the distance.

The physician pronounced the attack fatal ; the entire absence of pulsation and the advanced age of the patient, he considered forbade all hope. Many friends had come and gone in the belief that nothing could be done. Midnight found me left in the still and solemn apartment with but one friend, whom I had chosen to share with me in the sad office of watching by the bed of death. I tried to bring my mind into a frame of resignation ; but the trial had met me in an unexpected hour, and I was continually led to offer the petition, ‘ Oh, spare her that she may recover strength before she goes home to be here no more.’ At length I fancied the breathing of the patient appeared more natural. I removed the lamp, that the light might not fall directly upon her face, and approached closer to the bed side. That voice which I had no more expected to hear, murmured in low and solemn tones, ‘ Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son he receiveth. For we are not come unto the mount that might not be touched and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness and darkness and tempests. But we have come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven, and to God, the judge, and to the spirits of just men made perfect. And to Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.’

Had the dead spoken, or an angel from heaven been manifested to my senses, I could not have been struck with greater awe, than in listening to the grand and awful ideas thus almost supernaturally expressed. I drew in my breath, lest I might lose a single tone of what to me verily seemed a voice from heaven. When she had ceased speaking, I took her hand and said, ‘ Mother, dear mother ?’ She opened her eyes, and fixing them upon me with a countenance expressive of affection and gratitude, replied, ‘ Is it you, my daughter ?’

Her recovery was rapid ; in a few days she was able to walk about the apartment, and to cheer her little granddaugh-

ters with pleasant and interesting conversation. She attributed her sudden illness to the effects of too great mental excitement acting upon the physical powers, and thus producing a temporary paralysis of the vital functions. But, although my mother spoke of this sickness with the clearness of a philosopher, who believes in the agency of second causes, she failed not to make of it that improvement which becomes a Christian who ultimately refers all to the providence of God, who, that man may be humble and put his trust in Him, wills that he shall not know what events a 'day may bring forth.'

A. H. L. P.

In want of a Husband.—A young lady was lately told by one that was married, that she had better precipitate herself off the Passaic Falls into the basin beneath, than to MARRY. The young lady replied, 'I would if I thought I could find a *husband* at the bottom.'

A solicitor, who was remarkable for the length and sharpness of his nose, once told a lady that if she did not immediately settle a matter in dispute, he would file a bill against her. "Indeed, sir," said the lady, "there is no necessity for you to *file* your *bill*, for I am sure it is sharp enough already."

Dignity in Walking.—A poor Irish laborer, seeing one of our fashionable dandies strutting through one of the streets of our city, went modestly up to him and said, "I beg your honor's pardin, sur, but would ye be afther tellin' me the rint of this house; I want to know, for a raison I have?" "Get away, fellow," said the dandy, "how should I know the rent, I know nothing about the house?" "I beg your honor's pardin, sur," said the Irishman, "but from the manner in which you walked, myself throught the whole sthreet belonged to ye; aye fait an' the next sthreet too for the matter o' that, by my sowl and conscience I did, sur."

Female Linguists.—Milton was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughters in the *different languages*? To which Milton replied, "No, sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman." Some churlish husbands may perhaps find one tongue too much.

A Sketch.

His morning sun rose fair—No wandering cloud floated across its bright and pearly surface—no gathering storm lowered over its even pathway in its onward progress to meridian glory. He grew up to manhood. The damask tinge of health was on his cheek—the fire of youthful passion sparkled in his eye, yet tempered with the placid expression of cheerfulness and contentment. He revelled in the clear and calm sunshine of friendship—smiling plenty crowned his frugal board—the blooming partner of his bosom joyfully welcomed him to his homely cot—the angel of peace with outspread wings, hovered over his domestic altar—his sleep—that of the laboring man, was sweet, for he sunk to rest in the possession of conscious innocence.

But the destroyer came—he offered the tempting chalice to his lips, and bade him taste its sweets. The workshop was neglected for the haunts of vice and the scenes of midnight revelry and debauch: the homely cot once the abode of happiness, seldom greeted his presence but to witness acts of brutal violence—the blossoms of Intemperance flourished thick upon his visage—the languid, blood-shot eye marked its fearful progress, and the haggard look, and hollow cough bespoke the swift decay of nature. Poverty and wretchedness became the inmates of his dwelling, and sorrow and suffering the portion of his family. He fills a drunkard's grave.

A VISIT OF RETROSPECTION.

**“Thoughts rising up from Memory’s storied urn,
Speak of departed hopes.”—**

THERE is a pleasure—a melancholy one certainly, sometimes in looking back upon departed years, and calling to mind the various scenes we have acted since our entrance on the stage of life. Often do I love to retire from the bustle of the world, to turn away from the cares and turmoil of passing life, and survey, pictured in memory’s mellowing glass, the doings of days ‘lang syne.’ The wheels of time cease in their onward course, and I fall back far into the past; and the clouds which had gathered in dense obscurity upon our remembrances, float away into the back-ground, and the sunshine of imagination gilds their deep folds with a soft and holy light. The star of our destinies looks down upon us with a mild radance, and, instead of pointing our boding fancy to the ills we know not of, it soothes our fears and anticipations into an assurance of peace.

Oh! he who can behold, without deep feelings of emotion, the picturings of his past hours, must be destitute of all the sensibilities common to human nature. They come up to us like a blessed vision—they touch a chord that thrills to the very seat of life. Their colorings are but those of a blunted pencil, but they are hallowed by the hues and tints of immortality. The asperities of the original are softened down by the shadowings of the distance, and the mind warms over the scenes of its early existence, surrounded and inspired by the breath of those it loved, and by affections which the hand of time has sealed in their freshness forever! It feels that it is with beings of a by-gone generation; that the light and the shade which are around it, are not the fitful flashes of a meteor in the heavens; but the enduring twilight, which the angel of record has flung on the written fortunes of man. It beholds the images of its departed joys starting up one by one from their long slumbers: and a quiet pensiveness steals over its musings, till the unbidden tear-drop trembles in the eye of sympathy;—the springs of feeling are moved to overflowing, the heart beats with a quicker and more audible throb, and the blood mantles on the cheek with a brighter flush.

It was with such feelings as these, that I turned at last from my wandering, and sought, with a burdened heart and care-worn brow, the home of my childhood and innocence. The shadows of evening were slowly creeping over the last day of a cold and gloomy December. The year 18— was gathering about her memories the grey mantle of the past, and silently preparing to add her gifts to the dark treasures of eternity. The trusts which had been committed to her keeping, and which she had so faithfully administered, were soon to be yielded up to another handmaid. She had girded on the sandals of departure, and now only stayed that the quiet and darkness of midnight might wait upon her to the mansions of honorable repose. There was merry making in the village of West N——, and the traveller, as he journeyed wearily along the street, was cheered by the kindly sounds of music and dancing. Gay revelry was there, although the sun yet lingered in the western sky, and threw back a few faint rays upon the snow and frost of the neighboring highlands. The summons had gone forth to the farm-houses in the vicinage, and the young and gladsome came in with free offerings of joy to pay their devotions at the shrine of the new year. Beauty, with her unjewelled forehead,

and eloquent glance, was there, a meet attendant on such a festival. The timid maiden, whom love had taught coyness and reserve, graced with her guilelessness that scene of mutual gratulation ; and there were the noble-hearted and the gallant, mingled together in the excitements and pleasures which then came over the soul.

‘ A hundred hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.’

A greeting of wild glee was poured out to the New Year over the grave of the unburied old. But their songs and merriment called not me among them ;—my musings were given to other and uncongenial subjects. I was sad. The spirit that haunted my reveries was called up by the bidding of no common spell. I was alone, amid the silent and deserted halls of my fathers ! The air of other days was around me : I was gazing upon objects from which I had long been estranged, and upon which decay had written his visitations in most fearful lines. The fireside, where love of yore gathered its unsmitten and trusting band, startled me with its darkness, as I thought of the ruin that had fallen on the hopes which had then sprung up to bless the heart, The nail above the mantle, on which hung the old silver watch, told of the long lapse of time since the happy band that owned its monitions was scattered abroad, never to meet there again. The twilight shone into the room dimly through the half-closed window, and fell around me upon the dusty walls with the soothing influence of charity. Everything seemed sanctified by the recollections which were thronging about the place. An echo was awake in my bosom, lingering and thrilling there, like the deep tones of the dead. The many voices of childhood ; the kind word, and cheerful smile ; the prayer that ascended from the family altar, laden with the intensity of parental feeling ; the blessings and farewells, all greeted me at that moment, with the dispassionate and moving eloquence which comes from the outer courts of eternity. The tear which fell upon the cheek of infancy, the kiss of undying affection, and the sterner embrace of manhood was there, in the virtue of their spring-time ; and again such pure and tender emotions were stirred, as were wont to visit me ere the world had stolen the simplicity and guilelessness of youth. I turned

to the window — my attention was arrested by an inscription in one corner, there traced by a diamond upon the broad glass. I beheld my own name — J. H. LE ROY, AGED 15.

What a wave of recollections came in on my mind ! The past with its shadows and vague thoughts was unveiled, and with an almost sudden vision I looked in on the associations of early life. It was no more the land of dreams. Reality, open reality was there. The hopes, the aspirations, the confidence, the innocence, if aught earthly can be called so — where, Oh ! where were they gone, as a sacrifice to the mammon of this world. I could not bear such fearful retrospections, but looked out with a searching eye on the adjacent fields, scanning the memorials which stood up cold and still in the evening air. The scene around was one of winter and desolation. The snow lay deeply on the earth, and gave to valley and hill-side the same pure covering of white, till the horizon mingled its blue haze with the distant landscape. Tree and shrub were dashed each with the trappings and frigid garniture of Winter's festival. A storm of rain and frost had hung their branches with tinsel gems, that gleamed in the parting sunlight, like the reflection of a solitary lamp amid the chandeliers of a vast cathedral. The Merrimack, which erst swept along amid the beauty and grandeur of summer scenery, lay far to the north, voiceless and calm as the sky that slept above it. Now and then a deep sound came booming over the snow, as the ice groaned and sunk beneath its burden, and told that the waters were shrinking from its embrace. Away to the south reared up old Ardens, its bald, bleak summit pushing out its woody declivities and rocky points into the teeth of the tempest. The thunder-cloud had often burst upon it, and many a scathed and shattered oak stood there creaking and waving to the rude visitings of the winds. The hoarse roar of the ocean mingled with the evening gale, as it swept over the broad meadows and echoed among the forests and valleys of West N——. I had often walked and listened here before, and that unmoved ; but now my heart was full — I was sad. Strange tales had been told me, that day, of the changes which time had wrought among the affections and trusts of my boyhood.

Where were those who travelled with me at the commencement of life's journey ? Where were the companions of my studies, and the joint participators in the overflowings of mirth ? I called upon them, but they answered not. I stretched out

my hand to them, but strangers grasped it. In vain I looked around ; I sought for them in vain. They were scattered like the leaves of an autumnal forest. They had wandered away — whither I knew not. Fame or wealth had called them to the everlasting snows of the north, or gently led them amid the perennial verdure and scorched plains of the tropics. But were they all marching on in the full career of hope and happiness? No, many, very many had gone down to the grave. The silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken, the wheel had ceased to go round at the cistern. Some expired while the eyes of anxious and affectionate relations were watching over their couch, and the hand of friendship was raised to minister to their every want. Their ashes repose beside the mouldering bones of their ancestors; and the flower planted by affection's hand, and watered by affection's tears, blooms upon their verdant sepulchres. The yew-tree and the willow wave above them, and the winds that breathed round their childhood's home, sigh fitfully over the graves of the loved and the lost. Others wandered away from the hearth-stones of their fathers, and fell victims to the fatal influence of a southern sky. They struggled hard with the weakness that crept over them; but the heart grew sick with its loneliness, and yearned even to its more sure destruction for the tender charities of those they loved. No fond mother hung over them, to soothe their anguish with sweet words of peace. No sister stood by to smooth the pillow of disease and bid them ' God speed ' at their departure. The music of affection's voice was not to them. Those were strangers' tones that sounded in their ears ; and the eyes which met their gaze, spoke not the sympathy of love.

To die among strangers, to have their bodies laid upon a foreign shore, far away from the green hills and pleasant valleys and waving forests of their native land,—O! it was terrible to them. The waters of death came over them with redoubled bitterness at the thought. Life was of little worth; but to yield it at *such* a moment, and amid *such* scenes.

They died and were buried,—but no mourner followed them to their last long rest. They were borne by careless hands, and perhaps the jeer and the laugh were heard as the clods of the valley were heaped upon their breasts. The winds of the mountain come down coldly, and wake the only requiem that is heard above their graves ; and the rank grass is the only token that can point out their place of slumber to the

passing traveller. The parents mourn as they stand beside the quiet household graves in the village churchyard; but the tear of unmastered agony starts into the eye as they think of the wanderer who sleeps *alone* beyond the sea, or in the desolate bosom of the western prairies.

Such I learned, from the lips of one who remained, had been the fate of many of my youthful friends. I say *many*, for of a score with whom I held intimate communion, but *four were left* to tell the tale of the other's departure; and as I turned my steps again from my native village, as I soon did, for who would dwell amid the desolations of his youth? — I would not have breathed a wish, could it have brought me the existence of the world.

J. H. K.

A Water Party.

"I knew how it would end! I was once near being boated into eternity myself." "Don't mention it," said Mrs. Twigg, "the remembrance sets me all of a shiver." "But I *will* mention it, Madam," answered Twigg, "for as there are young people present, (here he looked at Miss Rivers,) it may serve as a warning. You must know, Mrs. T. was self-determined last summer to take a holyday, and so we took advantage of a general fast, and shut up, for a day's pleasure. * * * Well, my own vote was for Hornsey-woodhouse; but as the boys are fond of rowing, they were both for boating up to Richmond, and so was Matilda and Mrs. T. that we might have a pick-nicking cold collation on the grass." "I'll never dine on any grass again, except sparrow-grass," said Mrs. Twigg, with a laugh at her own joke; "it gave me the lumbargo for a month. I knew how the damp would rise with water all round us; but Mr. T. was obstinate, and insisted on laying the cloth on a little island, to be like Robinson Crusoe." "It was called an Ait," said Miss Twigg affectedly, "and had a verdant tree in the middle," "To be sure," said Twigg gravely, "I ought to have remembered that the Thames was a tidy river, and always rising and falling like the stocks. Well, there we were—hamper unpacked, cloth spread—pigeon pie, cold ham, cold fowl, cold punch—every thing cold and comfortable—when all at once says Mrs. T. with a scream, "Mercy on us, the island's getting littler!" And sure enough, as we watched, the water kept creeping on, and creeping on, till it came to the edge of the table cloth and threatened to swallow up every thing! There we were, in eminent danger, and no boat; for those boys had gone up the river after some swans." "Haw! haw! haw!" burst out the graceless Twigg, junior; "and when we came back, and looked for the island, there was 'Tilda singing-out on the top of the tree; and mother roosting a little further down; with father hugging the trunk, up to his coat-flaps in water!" "None of your levity, Sir," said Twigg very sternly, "if I'd been drowned through your swan hopping, you wouldn't be in the station in life you enjoy." "Stealing a king's swan, young man," said the Justice solemnly, "is capital felony, without benefit of clergy." "I assure you Sir Mark Tyrrel, Baronet," resumed Twigg, "my reflections when I saw the devouring element round us, was very serious—very serious indeed! Here's a situation, thinks I, for a man of my property." "Egad!" said Sir Mark, smiling, "or for a man of no property." "I declare I could have cried with vexation," said Mrs. Twigg, "to see the good table-cloth floating away; and the hamper, and all the nice eatables, being swamped. As for the silver forks and plate it was all lost in the deep; for though we paid a waterman something handsome, to look for them when the island came up again, he never brought us nothing but a mustard-pot full of mud!"

AGNES MONTALBAN ;

OR, THE AMBITIOUS MOTHER.

CHAPTER I.

————— ‘So let it be.—Yes! rather would I encounter the demon poverty in all its forms, with all their accompanying horrors with the *husband* of my choice—sooner would I dwell in the most miserable hovel, in the depths of some dark forest, where the footsteps of no mortal, save ourselves, ever trod, than sell my heart for gold. Away with the avaricious, grovelling, mean thought!’ exclaimed Agnes Montalban.

‘Go on, go on—vent all your spleen; then perhaps you may listen to a little common sense,’ replied her mother calmly.—‘You may learn by bitter experience, (if you follow the bent of your own stubborn will) that what appears to a young, romantic girl, who knows nothing of the ills of life but their name, as avaricious, grovelling and mean, to the mother of some two or three helpless beings, assumes a much milder form; and what was before a crime of the darkest hue, is then exalted into a virtue. Oh!’—she continued with animation—‘Oh, how many a foolish girl, reared in luxury and splendor, who, from the impulse of too generous youth, has been led, reckless of the warning voice of experience, to wed herself to obscurity and poverty, has looked back when a *mother*, with torturing agony to the irrevocable deed, that entailed upon her offspring a host of ills too gloomy for her mind to dwell upon! If she has daughters, she beholds them, though they may be beautiful as the star of morning, slighted, neglected, and rudely shoved aside from the station which their beauty and accomplishments entitle them to occupy—to make way, perhaps, for some vain, empty-minded fool, whose only attraction is her gold. No woman, though she may have fortitude to support this unflinchingly, when aimed only at herself, but must feel it at her heart’s core, when aimed at those dearer than her life. Oh, Agnes! think, reflect—before you reject the splendid advantages which are now offered you. Do not, by one weak act insure unceasing regret.’

‘Mother, would you have me accept the hand of a man I despise? Can you counsel me to love and honor a being whom I feel I should hate? No—no—I will sooner brave every ill which you have placed in such fearful array before me. Mother, never ask me to marry Edward Seymour, if you would have me retain my reason. I detest him.’

‘How long has this violent antipathy existed, Agnes?—Is it not of a very recent date? Edward Seymour was not an object of such utter detestation, till Alfred Delisle insinuated himself into your heart. Nay, never blush that I have discovered a secret you thought so ingeniously concealed. I knew it before you was aware of it yourself; and I would have shielded you from the impending evil with my life; but, Agnes, you would not be saved. You rushed madly to your fate—yet surely, my daughter, the descendant of the proud house of Montalban, cannot have so far forgotten her own dignity as to yield her heart to one who has never sought it—to the betrothed of another—who would not turn aside from his pursuit, would not relinquish his choice, though your life depended upon it. A cold, unfeeling villain he is, who has taken advantage of our open hospitality, and under the mask of friendship gained your affections, concealing his engagement from you.’

‘Oh, mother, you wrong him; indeed you do. In all our intercourse, he has never, by word or look, sought my affections. He did not conceal his engagement from me; but, on the contrary, he described his chosen to me with all the enthusiasm of a lover. He knew not that he struck the death-blow to the fondest hopes that ever woman nourished. He knew not, when I heaped question upon question, and appeared to take such deep interest in his answers, that my soul was riven, and when overcome by conflicting feelings, I fainted, even then he imagined not the cause. Oh God, the misery of that hour!’

‘My own, my beautiful, my high-minded Agnes—dismiss this weakness. Let not the world know the mortifying truth, that Agnes Montalban is despised, her love rejected. Oh, do not make yourself an object of ridicule to the cold or heartless;—a subject for the tea-table chat of gossiping scandal-mongers. Could you bear to have the finger of derision pointed at you—the smile of gratified malevolence curl every envious lip at the sound of your name?—No—spirit, pride, female delicacy forbid!—yet why should I talk thus to my beloved child? She has never disobeyed me since reason dawned in that bright eye,

and she will not now. Agnes, you will not break your mother's heart ; you will not send her sorrowing to her grave. Look at me. Let me read in my child's face a compliance with her mother's wish. Look at me, Agnes.'

'Mother—spare me—in pity spare me. Would that I were in my grave. Marry Edward Seymour!' continued the unhappy girl, as if thinking aloud—'No never ; sooner would I die a thousand deaths. And can my mother wish it? My mother, who in my childhood caused me nightly to kneel before her—who taught my young mind to know, to fear and to *love* my heavenly Father? Can she counsel me to appear before that holy God, and vow to love one whom my heart loathes? Oh, mother, I will not believe it ; you have been ever kind and indulgent—you would not barter your daughter's, your *only child's* happiness for the empty triumph of a coronet? Oh, my soul sickens at the thought, and shrinks in horror from the prostitution ; for in what is it better !'

'Hush, my child!—you are excited. Let us say no more at present, but go, my love, to your chamber and compose yourself. Ha ! there are Alfred and Ellen Delisle. Retire, dearest, I will make your excuses.'

Agnes quitted the room at one door, as her friends entered at another ; but she returned almost immediately, equipped for walking. 'Surely, Agnes,' said her mother, 'you will not be so imprudent as to go out ; your friends will, I am certain, exonerate you from your engagement.'

'Certainly we will,' said Ellen. 'Indeed, Agnes, you are not fit to go out—your hand is feverish, and trembles. Sit down—I will remain with you.'

'A walk will revive me,' said Agnes. 'I am much better now, and will not be disappointed of my anticipated pleasure.'

'At least return before two,' said her mother—'Mr. Seymour is to call at that hour, and Agnes, you must not be absent.'

'Nay, Madam, my presence can be of little consequence ; those who have commenced the traffic can surely finish it.' So saying she left the house, accompanied by her astonished friends.

'Traffic!'—exclaimed Mrs. Montalban, when left alone—'and what is *life* but a continued scene of trafficking? In our youth we look with disgust upon what appears the selfish meanness of those older than ourselves, and shrink with horror from the base idea that *we* can ever become participators—the sor-

did reckoners of pounds and shillings ; but alas, how soon does a contest with the world dispel these fine-wrought fancies !—how soon does its cold policy enforce the humiliating truth, that it is gold gives rank, station, ay, even fame ; whilst without it, though the mind be stored with wisdom, the person adorned with every grace, the possessor sinks into oblivion.

CHAPTER II.

Letter from Mrs. Montalban, to her friend Mrs. Arnold.

‘ You ask me if the marriage of my daughter with Mr. Seymour is to take place soon ?—Would that I could answer ‘ Yes.’ My poor Agnes, may she never learn by such bitter experience as has been my teacher, the value of what she now spurns as dross. Was I not fair, ay, beautiful as she is now ; and I loved, loved with wild and passionate devotion ; I braved the anger of friends, saw unrelentingly, the sigh of agony burst from my poor mother’s bosom—and wedded Henry Grenville, and poverty. We loved as young hearts ever love—we could be happy any where—in any spot, however barren, in each other’s society.

‘ And were we happy ?—yes, for a brief space we were ; as long as we could forget that other beings inhabited this earth, than ourselves, we were happy, selfishly happy. But within one short year I became a mother, a lovely little girl was given to my arms and heart. Then, almost for the first time in my life, thoughts of the future threw a shadow over the bright sunshine of my domestic happiness. I still loved my husband, fondly, devotedly loved him ; but I was no longer happy, because I was no longer thoughtless. I knew my husband’s little property was wasting, and I had nothing to expect, for my family, though noble, was poor. Year after year passed on, and another, and another helpless being was added to our family. At twenty I was the mother of three children, and poverty, with all its horrors, advancing upon us. I, who had been reared in ease, was forced to toil like a menial, because our scanty means admitted not of our keeping a servant. The place, where economy obliged us to live, was very damp, and unwholesome, consequently my poor children were unhealthy ; and scarcely had they passed the period of childhood when I was doomed to lay my little blossoms, one by one, into the cold grave. Ah, none, but a moth-

er's heart can know the agony of my soul, in that day of trial! Yet, I did not wish them back, and would not have recalled them, had it been in my power, though they were dearer to me than my own heart's blood. I felt that they were happily relieved from the want, sorrow and woe, that must have been their lot, had they lived.

'In one short year, from the time I had seen my last, my youngest born, my beautiful boy, fade and die, I was called to attend the death-bed of my husband!—All, all were torn from me, and the last blow was heavier than all which had preceded. In all my other griefs I had my husband to comfort me—I had found consolation on his bosom—his voice always had power to soothe my bursting heart; for I loved him sincerely, and devotedly. He was taken from me, and I was alone.

I returned to my mother's house a widow, and childless. I was then only twenty five; oh! how altered from the laughing, thoughtless girl of fifteen, with whom she had parted. Poverty had taught me to think—to feel—to know the realities of life. Poverty had rudely dispelled my bright, romantic visions. Poverty had taught me that, to a mind refined and elevated by education, there can be no happiness in this cold world, without a competence, at least; and when the rich Mr. Montalban presented himself a suitor for my hand, though I did not *love* him with the warmth which at fifteen I should have considered indispensable; yet I gladdened my poor mother's heart by becoming his wife. And was I happy?—yes—for now my ever-loved parent was provided with a home, such as, till late years, she had been accustomed to enjoy: I had the consolation of ministering to her wishes, of repaying her, in part, for the anguish I had caused her to suffer, of smoothing her pathway to the grave. She died happy; I could now alleviate the distresses of others, and I found that wealth, properly applied, has power to bind up the broken spirit, and pour balm into the bleeding heart. And when, as if to fill my cup of bliss to the brim, my lovely Agnes was born, oh, who can tell the holy love that filled my soul, while gazing on her sweet face, and feeling that I had the means of educating her as my fond love dictated, and gratifying her every wish!—If, when poverty, disappointment and mortification have seared and hardened the heart, the feelings of the mother are delightful, how much more extatic do they become, when the wings of prosperity shelter and protect.

Once more the world appeared bright and inviting; hope re-

vived in my bosom. I devoted myself sedulously to my infant, forsook the gay scenes to which, for want of an object on which to lavish my affections, and the excitement they produced, I had been a votary. I have hung for hours over the cradle of my sleeping daughter, vainly trying to trace in her cherub features some index to her future lot. I have anticipated, with all a mother's fond partiality, her arrival at the age of womanhood, lovely as a houri, and graceful as the young fawn. And are not my bright visions realized? Surely, the most enthusiastic fancy could hardly paint a more beautiful being, than my own Agnes. She has been reared in luxury—her every wish gratified, almost before expressed. Can she bear disappointment and deprivation? Nursed in the lap of indulgence, must she be an outcast from her father's halls, and sink into an insignificant poverty-stricken being—and that too, when she may so easily retain all; rank, station, wealth, splendor,—and a coronet in reversion?—a coronet would well become her fair, noble brow. Out on the wayward obstinacy that would make her reject all these advantages—and for one, too, whom she knows can never be aught to her. No—no—no—she must, she *shall* be Edward Seymour's *wife*, if I have any influence over her; and I shall see the day when reason shall have regained her empire in her heart, that she will bless me, that she is so. She shall enjoy the happiness of my life, without its trying probation.'

* * * * *

Thus reasoned this ambitious, but short-sighted mother, forgetting that it was *that* probation which ensured her after happiness.

CHAPTER III.

Slowly and sorrowfully the young friends pursued their walk; the agitation of Agnes had cast a cloud over their own buoyant spirits. They reached an eminence commanding a view of the village at its base; beneath a large spreading oak, rude seats were constructed. It was a spot much loved by the villagers—the trysting place of lovers—many a young heart had there first learned to love; many a vow had there been pledged. There, too, if report spoke truly, had poison been mingled with the cup of joy, *false* vows had there been uttered, fond hearts had there been sacrificed; scorn returned for devotion; mockery, and worse than all, *neglect* for undying love. Many a sad and melancholy tale did the ancient villagers relate of this spot; still it

was a favorite retreat for rustic lovers. Here Alfred Delisle led Agnes and his sister, and addressing the latter he said—‘ You had better, Ellen, go on your errand into the village, and I with Agnes will remain here ; I am fearful she cannot walk to the village. Take my purse, use it as you think proper.’

Agnes made some objection to this arrangement ; but as she really was unable to proceed, she at last yielded to the entreaties of her friends, that she would not attempt it, and Ellen departed on her mission of charity alone.

Alfred then led Agnes to the seat, and placed himself beside her. They were for some time silent ; Alfred was the first to speak—‘ Agnes—have I offended you ? ’

‘ Offended me ! oh, no—’

‘ Since I was so happy as to form your acquaintance, you have ever honored me with the title of *brother*. Believe me, Agnes, I prize the distinction, and have ever endeavored to supply the place of one to you. Grateful for your sisterly affection, and confidence, it has been my earnest wish to deserve it ; if therefore, I have *offended* you, it was altogether unintentional.

‘ But you have not offended—you never did offend me.’

‘ Then why have you withdrawn your confidence ? Why may I not know the cause of the grief you cannot conceal ? I need not tell you, Agnes, that if there is any thing I can do, to give you happiness, how gladly, how thankfully, it will be done.’

‘ Oh, no—no, you can do nothing for me. My doom is sealed, and nothing but misery awaits me ’—tears gushed from her eyes—she covered her face with her hands, and wept aloud. For a few moments she gave way to the overflowing grief of her heart ; but suddenly resuming her energy, and the natural strength and determination of her character, she said—‘ But this is folly, mere folly, my spirits are unusually depressed. Come, Alfred, have you no gay theme to animate me, and to dispel this gloom ? Tell me of your approaching nuptials—of your bride.’

‘ Your bribe is well chosen, Agnes, but it will not answer your purpose. Yet I will not annoy you ; I will not force myself upon your confidence. But, Agnes, forgive me—I thought—perhaps I overrated the value—but I thought that even my poor advice, given in friendly sincerity, might be acceptable. Although I know full well that Agnes Montalban is fully competent to think and act for herself, upon all occasions, still, as

she has heretofore not disdained my sympathy, I may be excused the presumption of asking her confidence.'

'Alfred Delisle—my brother! forgive me that I have appeared perverse, reserved, and cold; I would you knew *all*, all you wish to know; but I cannot find words to tell it. Yet here, read this, it will explain.' She took Seymour's letter, containing his proposal, from her reticule, and gave it to Delisle—he read it, returned it to her, and gently took her hand.

'Mr. Seymour has sued for this fair hand—is that the cause of your sorrow, Agnes?—I do not understand you yet. May I use the freedom of a brother? May I say to Agnes what in like circumstances I would say to Ellen?'

'Yes, think me your sister.'

'Then I ask your cause of grief? If you do not love Mr. Seymour, as I must infer, you do not, you are not surely obliged to accept his proposals.'

'My mother!'

'Your mother cannot wish you to marry Mr. Seymour, if he is disagreeable to you.'

'Alfred, she insists upon it. She has used entreaties, promises, even threats. I must obey her; but the day that makes me Edward Seymour's bride, will seal my doom of misery in this world.'

'Still, Agnes, I am at a loss to understand you. I have long seen Seymour's affection for you, and I fancied you returned it. I have seen you accept his attentions with evident pleasure, and appear happy in his company.'

'Yes—that is what my mother takes advantage of. She says I formerly encouraged his attentions, and by my manner gave him reason to suppose that his suit would not be rejected. I know not but I did. He is my own cousin; I loved him as such, thinking of nothing farther.'

'But, Agnes, if you loved him as a cousin, think you not that you would love him still more, did he possess the dear claim upon your heart for which he sues?'

'Oh, no—there is madness in the thought. Ask me nothing more—I scarcely know what I say.'

'One question more, Agnes, and I will annoy you no longer.' He took both her hands in his, and looked affectionately in her face—'Answer me this once with your wonted candor. Is there any other whom you do love? Forgive me, forgive me,

Agnes ; I have distressed you. Gracious heaven—she has fainted ! ’

As Agnes fell forward, before Alfred could prevent her, a paper dropped from her bosom at his feet ; he picked it up, and it opened in his hand. Now all was explained. The paper contained a little drawing which he had given her, with a copy of verses. It had laid next her heart for nearly a year !

CHAPTER IV.

There was rejoicing in the stately halls of Delisle—glad notes were wafted on every breeze, and every countenance within the gay mansion beamed with joy. Alfred, the heir, the beloved of all hearts was to be married to the chosen of his own soul, the approved of his parents,—his own loved Mary Raymond.

In a spacious banqueting hall were the wedding guests assembled ; there was the tall commanding figure of the bridegroom, and beside stood his youthful, his beautiful bride, her varying cheek, her throbbing heart, all, all telling of the deep happiness she felt—the *certainly* of being beloved.

The ceremony was over, and numerous friends crowded around, to congratulate and greet with kind hopes and sincere wishes for the continued happiness of the youthful pair. But there was one of the many guests assembled who moved not, spoke not—who seemed wholly unconscious of the scene, save that her eyes were fixed immovably on the newly wedded pair. Leaning against a marble pillar, she seemed almost a part of it ; no sigh, no tear escaped her ; but the blanched cheek, the compressed lips, the clasped hands, told too plainly of the canker at the heart.—Poor, poor Agnes ! Surely this is no place for thee. Why would you witness that which was worse than death to you ? The festive scene is not for the broken heart.

As soon as she could escape from the throng, Ellen hastened to her friend—‘ Dear Agnes, come with me ; let me lead you away from this place. Come to my chamber before we are observed. ’

Agnes heeded her not ; her eyes still fixed upon those objects, of such thrilling interest to her—at last she said, speaking slowly, and abstractedly, as if unconscious that she was speaking—‘ yes, she is beautiful—blue eyes—he has often told me of those eyes, that they even reminded him of the beings who inhabited heaven—that they beamed with the purity, and

artlessness of her heart. Dark hair she has, ay, dark as mine, but how transcendently fair is her complexion ! how unlike my Egyptian hue ! 'Yes, she is beautiful ; but,' and her voice sunk to a whisper—does she love him as I have loved him ? Would she be contented to be his servant, for the happiness of being near him, of looking in his face and hearing his voice ? Would she gladly forsake friends, connections, home, all, every thing to be with him ?'

'Come, Agnes, dear, the guests are departing; come with me, I have much to say to you.'

'He loves her ;—how tenderly he meets the timid gaze of her mild eye ! God of heaven bless them—and oh, have mercy on me, for I am very, very wretched !'

Ellen led the way to her apartment, and when they had entered and she had locked the door, she again addressed her unhappy friend—'Oh, Agnes, why did you come ? you promised me you would not risk the shock. Indeed, till yesterday I hoped the ceremony would have been performed at A——. But my poor mother's health admitted not of her leaving home, and she would not relinquish the pleasure of witnessing our dear Alfred's marriage. But Agnes, you dearest, should not have come.'

'Ellen, I come to take a last look of him, to see *her* to whom he has plighted his vows—I thought myself stronger ; I thought I had conquered the unhappy impression. I thought all dead here,'—laying her hand on her heart—'but I have seen him, and all is again renewed. I shall never see him again. Immediately after I am married, I shall leave this part of the country ; Heaven grant never to return. Ellen, will you be my bridesmaid ? Ha, mine will be gay and joyous nuptials !'

'Oh, Agnes, do not talk so,—you know not how you distress me.'

'Ellen, I have promised, solemnly promised, to become Edward Seymour's wife, in a fortnight from this day. The consequences be upon *her* head who has forced me to the deed. And she says she loves me, yet hesitates not to sacrifice me at the shrine of her *ambition*. She talks of wealth—can it purchase oblivion of the past ? Oh, could it purchase the precious Lethe, how joyfully would I hail it ! What is the worth of diamonds, if they but glitter about my person, while my heart is breaking beneath them ? Can a coronet ease a burning brain ? Of what worth are ranks and riches, when they cannot renew the hopes

which are crushed and withered—dead? And yet what matters it how or where the miserable remnant of my days is worn away?—whether I drag out my weary existence as Agnes Montalban, or the Hon. Mrs. Seymour?’

Poor Agnes! she was indeed to be pitied,—forced, as it were, to give her hand where her heart could never follow; to look forward with dread loathing to the day that would make her a bride, to feel the sacred tie which binds the child to the parent, rudely snapped asunder—yet not daring to set at defiance the authority which from her infancy she had been taught to respect, and to which, till now, she had ever yielded a cheerful obedience—her heart was torn by conflicting feelings, from which death seemed to offer the only possible release.

Misjudging mother! you knew not the load of anguish which your blind ambition was laying up, in future years to crush beneath its weight the daughter of your love. You could not distinguish the host of ills, which hovered over your project, awaiting but its completion to become visible. You imagined not that the dazzling eminence to which your aspiring mind sought to raise your child, would prove a fearful precipice from which a breath might plunge her into the yawning abyss at its foot. No, you saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing that could thwart your plans. You steeled your heart against the pleadings of maternal love—ambition became your idol, and to that you sacrificed every other feeling; and richly were you rewarded. Had Agnes Montalban, in the hour of disappointment, when her fondest hopes were crushed, and consequently life appeared but a blank, possessed a mother better qualified to read her heart; who, instead of urging her to accept of another and an indifferent person, had endeavored to soothe and calm her agitation, and given her time to collect her thoughts, and regulate her feelings—it is possible, nay quite probable, that in time the feverish excitement might have passed away, and she might have been brought to regard the man, destined to become her husband, at least with the friendship which had distinguished their acquaintance, before that now powerful feeling had been awakened in her bosom for another. But, on the contrary, at the very moment when sorrow and disappointment were gnawing at her heart-strings, her mother, by ridicule, (ever too powerful with the young) and threats—threats to a child the most dreadful—of a parent’s curse,—she at length wrung from her a promise to become Seymour’s wife. From that moment her

doom was sealed. Considering him as the cause of the persecution she suffered, her indifference towards him changed to absolute hatred.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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AGNES MONTALBAN ;

OR, THE AMBITIOUS MOTHER.

[Concluded from page 644.]

CHAPTER V.

The day, to Agnes a fatal day, that was to make her an unwilling bride, at length arrived. At her earnest entreaties it had been arranged that the ceremony should be performed in their own dwelling ; for she shrunk from encountering the gaze of the curious multitude that usually assemble around a church on such an occasion.

The guests were all assembled—the bridegroom had arrived—all was prepared, and waited only the appearance of the bride. Time stole on—glances of curiosity and suspicion began to be exchanged—anxiety was visible on the countenance of Mrs. Montalban, who in vain attempted to appear calm and collected. Nearly an hour passed away in this suspense, and yet the bride came not ;—impatience and indignation began to cloud the face of the bridegroom—he walked to an open window, looked out, and began plucking the flowers that clustered in rich profusion around the casement, then, with an impatient gesture, he suddenly threw them from him. At length he advanced to his intended mother-in-law, and said, ‘ Where, my dear madam, is Agnes ? It grows late—had you not better send a servant to hasten her ? ’

‘ I will go myself,’ replied the lady with a very bland smile. ‘ Agnes is diffident—perhaps she is waiting for me.’ And the stately Mrs. M. walked with the dignity of a heroine from the drawing-room. She hastened to her daughter’s apartment ;—what was her surprise to find her not dressed in bridal array, but sitting the very image of despair, surrounded by her maids, holding her dress and ornaments, and her friend Ellen in tears at her side.

‘ Agnes, are you mad ? Or would you make me so ? Come, a truce to this trifling ;—I will be your tying woman.’ So saying, she dismissed the attendants, and then turned to the pale

and silent victim—‘Here, put on this magnificent dress, fit for an eastern queen—place this diamond aigrette in your dark hair ; it adds a tenfold lustre to its glossy hue—see these earrings,—this necklace—are they not darlings ? And now, love, let me just touch your fair cheeks with this beautiful *couleur de rose*.’

Agnes, who had silently submitted to be decked in the costly array, commented upon by her mother, now stepped back, fixing her large black eyes upon her with a look that almost made the blood recede from her heart, she said, ‘No madam ! you have sold me, and decked me befitting the sacrifice ; but think not I will countenance the deed by dissimulation, or affect a happiness to which I must ever be a stranger, and seem to hide the impress which despair has placed upon my cheek ? No ! let the whole world know that you, forgetting the feeling of a mother, the delicacy of your sex, have sacrificed me—your only child—to a worthless desire of aggrandizement—a vain ambition that tramples on every duty, moral and religious, to attain its end—the distinction of a title for your daughter, whose possessor you know I despise : a title which will never greet your ear. No, there is that in my heart which gives a blessed assurance, that my short but weary pilgrimage is nearly ended. Oh ! that I might be permitted to lay down this painful burden of existence even now, before the deed is completed which my conscience condemns, my soul sickens at. But, come, come and complete your work !’

She led the way with a firm step, till she reached the door of the room from whence she must return a bride : there she faltered ; her face assumed the ashy hue of death ; she leaned upon her friend, and motioned her mother to precede them. The door opened : Edward Seymour advanced and took the passive hand of Agnes, and led her to the head of the apartment, where the bishop of C—— was in attendance. The ceremony was commenced and finished almost without her consciousness, save when the words ‘I pronounce you husband and wife’ were uttered, and the lips of the bridegroom pressed hers, a slight shudder passed over her frame. She went through the task of leave-taking, as it were, mechanically—the pressure of her mother’s hand was disregarded, her parting words unanswered, till she said, in a suppressed tone, ‘Agnes, my child, will you not bid your mother farewell ?’

‘Child, mother!’ she whispered : ‘those endearing names

appertain no more to us—the ties between us are severed forever. You have loved greatness better than your child, and she is lost. Farewell! May you be happy, though never indulge the hope that your daughter enjoys happiness.' She turned away, and at that moment her husband approached—

'Come dearest,' said he affectionately taking her hand, 'the carriage is ready.' And the bridal pair departed amid the smiles and blessings which are readily showered on those who seem likely to command prosperity. And the ambitious mother—how felt she at this separation from her only child? Oh! she had heard her called the Hon. Mrs. Seymour—it was happiness enough!

CHAPTER VI.

We pass over three years in the melancholy narration of Agnes, and present her to our readers returned from a wandering life over France and Italy, indeed Europe, again to her own country, to England. Wearied even with change, she had proposed to her ever-devoted husband to return, and spend the London season in that city. She had become a mother, and for a time after the birth of her son, the new feelings which were awakened in her bosom, the constant attention which the helplessness of her infant required were a source of comfort to her, and she began once more to look to the future for peace and happiness. But still there was at her heart 'one fatal remembrance,' which neither time nor place, nor even duties, could obliterate.

They came to London, where, most unfortunately, Seymour resumed acquaintance with an old college companion, and in his fascinating company soon began to find a solace for the indifference with which, he could not but at times feel, his wife regarded him. Henry Monson was in the army, a major, and accounted a brilliant officer, but was a gambler and a heartless libertine. He soon drew Seymour into his circles of dissipation. It has been truly said, that gambling is a vice which requires no apprenticeship—one plunge, and the victim is generally lost forever. Seymour made the plunge, and if, in his better moments, the pang of repentance came over him, and he resolved to break the fatal enthrallment, the tempter Monson was soon beside him, and he again yielded to the spell. En-

grossed in this new passion, Seymour began to neglect his wife ; and thus Agnes was thrown entirely upon herself—no friend to advise, or to whom she could, by imparting, lessen the sorrow which had borne her down. To forget, if possible, her troubles, seemed to be now her aim, and she plunged wildly into the pleasures, the bustle, and the dissipations which surrounded her. A few extracts from letters written by William Somerville, a cousin of Mr. Seymour's, to Alfred Delisle, will better describe her conduct and character at this time, than can be done by narrative.

* * * * *

‘FRIEND ALFRED—

‘The gay season, with all its attractions, has commenced ; and why are you not here to enjoy it ? I hurried up from D—— to meet you—and behold, the agreeable news that you had changed your mind, was the first thing to greet my eyes ! Let me tell you that I consider it very ill-natured in you, and I pray that Mrs. Delisle and your sweet sister Ellen may revolt against your authority. Never tell me that they prefer to remain in the country :—did not Ellen *almost* acknowledge she was delighted with the prospect of spending a season in London, and *quite* promise to waltz with me at Almack's ? The metropolis never presented more objects of allurements, for all your old friends are here.

‘By the way, my cousin Seymour has returned from a three years' tour on the continent, and been in town about a fortnight. He was married before he went abroad, and his wife, I believe, you know—she was from your county—a Miss Montalban. What a splendid creature she is ! certainly one of the most beautiful women I ever looked upon, ‘faultless perfection,’ as a poet would say, only, I think she is a little too pale. Seymour is devoted to her, but I have fancied (it may be only fancy,) that all is not right in her feelings. There is, at times, a singular expression in her brilliant eyes, as of sad and bitter thoughts that could scarcely be subdued, and though her manner to him is always lady-like, yet she receives his attentions with an indifference amounting to apathy. I fear she does not love him.

‘Major Monson is here also, with a lovely little sister, a beautiful delicate creature, who seems only made for the sunshine of life ; and to do her brother justice, debauchee as he is, he watches over her as though he would shelter her from the winds

of heaven, lest they breathe too roughly upon her. He and Seymour are sworn friends, which I regret ; it bodes no good to the latter.

‘ Your old school-fellow, Delorme is here also, with his prize, his wife, the empress of Golconda, as she is called. I am told her wealth is almost incalculable, but she is ugly as sin, and much older than her husband. It is absolutely shocking to see him, a tall, elegant man dragging about such a mass of deformity and vulgarity. It is hinted, besides, that the lady’s temper is not a whit more angelic than her looks, and moreover, she keeps the strings of the money-bags in her own clutches. Poor Delorme ! Why did he marry for riches ? I am sure I never will.’

* * * * *

‘ There was a splendid ball given last night by the duchess of D——. All our old set were there, and many brilliant additions—among the latter ranked first, the beautiful Mrs. Seymour. What an incomprehensible being she is ! As the cousin of her husband, I have become intimate in the family, and regretted often her want of spirits—indeed, she always appears sad and desponding. I never till last evening saw her in public. What a transformation was there ! Delisle, she was the star of the ascendant, the centre of attraction to more than half the men in the room, dazzling as much by her lively wit as by her transcendent beauty. There too, was her husband, arm in arm with that detestable Monson. Seymour seemed restless, and I noticed his eyes incessantly wandering towards his wife, with, as I thought, no approving look. I saw, also, a smile of contempt and triumph curl the lip of Monson, as he watched his Seymour’s glance. My life on it, there is mischief brewing.

* * * * *

‘ Agnes Seymour is every where ; at every ball, the theatre, opera, and at every public place one is sure to see her. I never knew any one so madly, as it were, bent on amusement. Yet it does not seem natural—her gaiety appears forced—more the result of feverish excitement than the genuine overflowing of the heart. I have seen her after a burst of wild merriment press her hand on her bosom, and heard her sigh, the long deep sigh of agony. That she is unhappy, and acting an unnatural part, I feel confident, but I cannot fathom the cause. I have sometimes caught her eye, after such a scene as I have de-

scribed, and she has blushed. Seymour is running blindly into the trap set for him by that villain, Monson:—he already gambles, drinks, and, worst of all, neglects his wife.'

* * * * *

Letter from Major Monson to a friend in Paris.

- * * * *

'I am in the very spring-tide of fortune; the goddess has taken me for her special favorite. Seymour (you know him,) swallows my bait without any suspicion of the hook which it conceals. He is completely gulled. I wish you were here to admire my skill and ingenuity. I won of him last night a thousand pounds, *honestly*, of course, and I assure you it comes not amiss. I have had confounded luck lately, but he bids fair to replenish my pockets. After all, it is but borrowing it of him; for, if I succeed in all my plans, (and it shall not be my fault if I do not,) why, I can refund the money, you know, if my *honor* should pinch me. As for *conscience*, I defy that obsolete thing to give me a twinge. I am as free from the troublesome monitor as the pope himself, and hold, with all good catholics, that the *end* justifies the *means*.

'I told you in my last letter that I was on the point of visiting Mrs. Seymour, but had not time to explain further. You must know, that she has heretofore entirely excluded your humble servant, Major Monson, from her acquaintance. Whether she suspected my designs on her other half (who, by the way, was not of her choosing,) or from some hint of that officious Somerville, (her husband's cousin, and her mentor,) who is eternally hovering about her, I don't know—however, chance befriended me, (I intend to worship that old heathen deity, Chance,) and gave me an opportunity which I had almost despaired of obtaining. About a week since, as she was riding in the park, her horses took fright, and ran like mad, threatening destruction not only to all that interrupted their course, but to the carriage and its occupant. I saw them from a distance, and my first impulse was to clear the way; but a glimpse of the livery changed my purpose. I remained facing them, and certainly, at no small risk of life and limb, caught the bridle of the leaders, and stopped them. I next flew to the carriage, where I found that the lady had fainted; in a moment I was by her side, ordered the coachman home, supported her, and when

she revived, I was rewarded by a smile of gratitude, which went straight to my heart ; but I suppressed all appearance of my feelings ; I knew who I had to deal with, and played my card accordingly. So I attended her home, summoned the domestics, and leaving word that I would call in the afternoon, took my leave.

‘ When I called, I found the transcendent, the queen-like Agnes, ready to receive me. I have looked on many beautiful women in my time, both blonde and brunette, but never did I behold so faultless a face ! I have seen many exquisite female forms, the delicate embonpoint, the tall and dignified, the slight and elegant, but never have I seen a form like hers—at once commanding and graceful, uniting the dignity of Minerva with the witchery of an Hebe. She was pale, even paler than usual ; and as she rose to receive me, I perceived an agitation in her manner, which was doubtless caused by the recollection of the accident of the morning. She is too perfect a being to be moved to love me at first sight, though she will *love* me before our acquaintance is over ! She thanked me, sweetly, and gratefully, but there was an air of restraint about her which seemed to say, ‘ I wish I had received this obligation of any other than you ! ’ Ah, she shall think otherwise. She rang the bell and bade the servant inform Mr. Seymour that major Monson was below. Mr. Seymour had gone out ; she blushed, and was evidently ill at ease : so I kindly relieved the lady of my presence. As I went out, I met Somerville entering. He eyed me with a most vinegar-like aspect ; we bowed coldly, and passed on.

‘ Somerville suspects my designs, and intends to thwart them, but I’ll out-manceuvre him. I hate him—an officious meddler, a protector of innocence forsooth ! He will find full employment in London for his zeal. Besides, he refused the hand of my beloved Rosa, my beautiful sister. Yes, I was weak enough to offer her to him ; though I do despise his milk-and-water virtues myself, yet I know he would make her happy. Pure and innocent she would die were she to be, like many of our fine women of quality, neglected or ill-treated by her husband : she would pine herself into her grave. Yes, I cannot but wish her Somerville’s wife ; but he told me his heart was engaged ; and he had the impudence to add, that he would not marry an angel were she related to me, and I did not resent it !

I felt humbled, wounded. I thought of the delicate, fair plant entrusted to my care, loving and leaning upon me with all the fondness of her nature, trusting, confiding in me for protection, and relying on me for guidance. I thought how wholly unqualified I was for the task ; but this was only momentary. Soon as I had parted from Somerville, I recovered my self-possession, and from that moment vowed eternal hatred to him. My little Rosa knows not of the offer and refusal ; I spared her that humiliation. I could not have borne reproach from her sweet eyes.

‘ Do you recollect what old Lekain told me, that I was only half a villain, because I refused to take Rosa’s money for my own use ? Whatever I have to answer for with regard to others, there is a pleasure, such as I never enjoyed in my wildest excesses, in reflecting that I have fulfilled to the utmost the duty of a brother to her. In truth, my love for Rosa is even a mystery to myself ; you know not the depth and purity of the affection which fills my heart for my sister. She is so gentle, and so good, that my evil genius is always rebuked in her presence, and I feel as though I too could be kind and good. I am confident, that if I could find a wife like Rosa—so mild, so warm-hearted, and so consistent in virtue, it would make me a different being. But a truce to sermonizing, and let us return to Agnes Seymour, who, though angelic in loveliness, is *not* an angel. I have called on her several times, and have now a *caste blanche* from her husband to visit at his house whenever I am inclined. He is a fool, but that is no reason why I should not be wise, and my first manoeuvre must be to get Somerville out of the way, as he evidently suspects my designs, and, living in the same house, (you know he is first cousin to Seymour,) he has the advantage of me. However, I am maturing a plan for removing him from town ; if I succeed, I will let you know. I have sent Rosa into the country, to her old aunt Whittemore. There are many other matters, about which I wish to consult you ; but adieu for the present.

‘ A. M.’

CHAPTER VII.

‘ Agnes,’ said Mr. Somerville, as he entered the boudoir where she was sitting, ‘ I have received a letter from the coun-

try, informing me of the sudden and dangerous illness of an old friend, and entreating me to hasten to him, if I wish ever to hear his voice again. I must depart instantly ; but, before I go, I have one favor to beg of you.'

'What can it be, that you should think this preface necessary ? You know I am always happy to oblige you—do tell me what you wish.'

'That you will not go to the opera to-night with Major Monson, unless accompanied by your husband or some other friend. Perhaps, Agnes, you think me presumptuous, but your naturally correct mind will be convinced, after a moment's reflection, of the propriety of what I urge : and you know that I *can* be actuated by no motive but your welfare. Do you promise ?'

'My dear cousin, you know I am engaged to attend the opera this evening with the Major, expecting you to be of the party. I am truly sorry for the misfortune which deprives me of your company, but can I for that reason refuse going ? Of my husband, it is folly to speak. He does not think of me—he has gone out, and will not probably return before mid-morning. However, I will try and engage the attendance of some duenna'—and a smile, slightly ironical, curled her beautiful lip.

'Agnes, you are jesting: but my time is precious—I must go. Remember, I have warned you.' He left the house, his travelling carriage stood at the door ; as he was stepping in, a man advanced and handed him a letter, and immediately disappeared. Somerville held the letter, unconsciously in his hand: his mind was harassed by conflicting feelings—at one moment the image of his dying friend rose before him, Alfred Delisle, the playmate of his childhood, the tried and trusted friend of his maturer years, and he was to be more than friend : for it was his sister to whom Somerville was engaged—and must they lose him ? Then his thoughts reverted to Agnes, the dangers that a feeling (not to call it presentiment,) for which he could not account, told him hovered over her. So much was he occupied with these reflections, that he had almost completed his journey before the letter he had received crossed his mind ;—he opened it carelessly, but not so did he read it, after the first line had met his eye.

'If Mr. Somerville is the friend of Mrs. Seymour, which the writer of this letter does not doubt, he will not fail of being at the Italian opera to-night. The letter containing information

of his friend's illness is a forgery, contrived to secure his absence. Mrs. Seymour is yet innocent—at least of actual guilt ; she is ignorant of the snare spread for her, but without the intervention of some firm friend, she cannot escape. Hasten, then, if you would save her from the gulph of crime and misery, on which she unconsciously stands.

‘ A TRUE FRIEND.’

* * * * *

‘ Unloose the curtain—throw up that window, and let me feel the breath of heaven. I am oppressed—and oh ! give me some drink, for my lips are parched. There, that will do. I feel refreshed ;’ and Agnes Seymour lay quiet as a cradled infant for some time. Then she again spoke in a low tone ;— ‘ How reviving is that wind, and how beautiful every thing looks from that window. I feel as though I had not seen the blue sky for years. How long have I been asleep, Allen ?’

‘ Not a great while, my lady ; how do you feel yourself ?’

‘ Why, well, Allen—surely I have not been sick—and yet there is on my mind a faint remembrance of dreadful suffering ; ’tis like a horrid dream ! And I feel very, very weak. Where is my boy, Allen ? and my husband ?—I wish to see them.’

‘ I will go and bring master Edward, my lady ;’ and the waiting woman hurried from the room as if dreading farther questions.

‘ My lovely babe, my own,’ said Agnes, as the nurse entered with the child. ‘ Here, lay him in my arms,—my beautiful boy—kiss me, kiss me ; his breath is like the perfume of flowers. How large he is ! Why, Allen, tell me, have I been delirious ? How long is it since I have seen my boy before ?’

‘ My dear lady, you have been very ill, and it is four weeks since you have seen master Edward—and now let me tell your mother how much better you are—she has been almost distracted about you.’

‘ My mother ! Is my mother here ?’

‘ Yes, my lady, she has been here this month past, but you must not talk any more at present ; try to go to sleep and gain some strength.’

‘ One question more, Allen,—Where is Mr. Seymour ?’

‘ Indeed I must not answer another question now. I will take master Edward away, and leave you to get some sleep.’

She left the apartment, at the door of which she was met by Mrs. Montalban, who inquired for her daughter.

‘Whist, madam!—Pray remove a little from the door.’

‘Why this precaution? Agnes will not hear us, or will not distinguish what we say;’ and the agitated mother opened the door of a side room and beckoned the servant to enter.

‘Nay, madam, my lady has awakened calm and in her right mind. She has seen her child, and inquired for her husband. I avoided answering her questions, under pretence that she was too weak to talk.’

‘Thank God! thank God!’ eagerly ejaculated Mrs. Montalban. ‘O, I do thank Him that my child is restored to reason. Yet, poor child—she has that to learn which will wring her heart;—and who can tell her what yet she must know?’

‘If I might be allowed to advise, madam, I should say Mr. Somerville is the properest person. When her delirium was at the worst, his presence seemed to sooth and calm her.’

‘I believe you are right. Go and ask him to visit Mrs. Seymour, and tell him she has recovered her reason.’ The servant departed, and Mrs. Montalban, pressing her hands to her heart, as if to still its hysterical beatings, sank down on a sofa, and murmured to herself; ‘I must not see her! and yet I will. She surely will not spurn my affection now. I have been sufficiently punished. Can it be that I am doomed to find my daughter’s heart alienated from me forever? O God! spare me that. I did what I considered best for her. It was my child’s welfare that I labored to ensure. May not the agony I have endured, the bitter, scalding tears I have shed, when in her wild raving my unhappy child accused me, her mother, who would willingly shed the last drop of my blood to restore peace to her bosom, of being the cause of all her sorrows? Oh, may not those heart-breaking tears be some expiation for my erring judgment?’

* * * * *

Mrs. Montalban entered her daughter’s apartment, where she found Mr. Somerville, and the faithful attendant already mentioned. She advanced cautiously to the bed, and gazed wistfully upon her child, who lay, her face covered with her hands, and tears streaming through her thin white fingers, as though they were dissolving, like snow in the sun, under the gush of anguish that overwhelmed her. There was a long and deep silence around the bed, for every heart was full. At length,

raising her hands and eyes towards heaven, Agnes spoke—
'Father of mercies, have compassion on me, and oh, make not my punishment too great to bear!' Then turning her eyes, they encountered the pale and wasted countenance of Mrs. Montalban. 'My mother!—forgive your poor child—oh, forgive me for all the pain I have caused you,—I have been severely tried. Kiss me, my mother, and let my mind go back to those blessed days, when we were all to each other—when no wrong feeling had made me forget a child's first duty.'

'My child! my child—talk not so, you were ever kind and dutiful, till my misjudging ambition drove you almost to madness. But, my blessed child, we will again be all to each other. When your health is restored, you, with your dear babe, shall return with me to Montalban Hall—do not shake your head—you must not refuse me.'

'Mother—I never will refuse you any thing in my power to grant; but my days are almost run out. I feel—I know that I have not long to remain here, and I must employ the time for my dear little boy, and my own soul. My mother, and you, my kind cousin, will you promise me to take charge of Edward? Ah, I need not have asked the question,—you will; my heart tells me you will.—Do not speak to me of hope, death has lost his terrors—there is no happiness for me in this world, and is not my Savior kind to call me to himself?—I rely on His merits only for pardon and salvation—I trust in His promises, and I resign myself to His will.'

The presentiment of Agnes was too well founded. When she was informed that her husband was killed in a duel with Major Monson, which originated in the discovery of the plot the latter had laid against Agnes,—although she did not give way to any violent burst of anguish, those who watched her knew that the shaft had sunk deep. She never named her husband, save when her senses were steeped in the oblivion of sleep; then, when agitated by some wild dream, she would call on Seymour in a tone of the most thrilling anguish, as though her spirit was tortured with the sad remembrance. She gradually declined from the day that the fatal intelligence was communicated to her, and in about two months she resigned her spirit to Him who gave it—thus adding another to the many unhappy examples of misjudging ambition on the one hand, and romantic enthusiasm and imprudence on the other.

AGNES STAUNTON.

‘PROMISE me, Mary, that you will never betray me. Do not breathe a syllable of what I have said respecting Mr Richmond. You know there are some unfortunate beings who can never conceal their thoughts and feelings, and I must confess to you that I belong to that class.’

‘But why do you consider them unfortunate, Agnes?’

‘Because there are so few in whom we can repose unlimited confidence, Mary; even if we were to meet with many who will not betray our trust, it is folly to hope for sympathy from all. Nothing is more chilling than to betray emotions to any one who cannot participate in them. Their friendship for you, or regard for your feelings, may induce them to listen; but where is the satisfaction in having merely a patient listener? No, Mary, we, at least, I, desire something more than that: I look for sympathy; I am dissatisfied unless I awaken kindred emotions in the breast of my friend. If I sought nothing better than a patient listener, I should be content to utter my sentiments to inanimate nature; in some instances I would rather have done that — nature has sympathies which in their silent eloquence, are much more soothing, than the heartless professions of many who style themselves friends.’

‘I know, it is often so, and for that reason I have sometimes fancied those to be the happiest, who were able to disguise their feelings when they chose. But when we meet with persons of this description, are we not too apt to consider them cold and heartless?’

‘Yes, and I think we are very often correct in our suppositions. To be sure there are exceptions in this, as in everything else: but the tide of emotions which at times overwhelm the heart, will find vent — it is too painful to keep them pent up long. When I express my feelings, it is because I cannot keep them to myself; they positively struggle to be free.’

‘What says Sir Walter Raleigh?’

‘Passions are likened best to floods and streams,
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.’

‘I suppose Agnes, you would say that a remark applicable to

our passions, is not so to the subject upon which we are conversing, yet I think the same is often true of our feelings. Those whose hearts are the warmest, and kindest, often appear cold and heartless, and it is certainly true of myself, that, when my feelings are the most strongly excited, I can give them no utterance, yet those who are as well acquainted with my character as you are, do not charge me with insensibility.'

'Nor have they any reason to do so; it would be unjust to you. I know, Mary, that some express less and some more than they feel; but we can generally distinguish between hollow, heartless professions, and the sincere expression of intense feeling. I am very free, you know, and have very little reserve, but I am sure you could not accuse me of insincerity.'

'No Agnes, I could never accuse you of that, but will you pardon a bit of advice from your old friend who has lived a few years longer in the world than yourself; who loves you sincerely, and fears what may possibly be the consequences of your openness and sincerity. Be a little more wary; keep your emotions more carefully concealed from those who cannot share them; you will thus escape those malicious whispers which are ever in circulation among persons who feel no interest in you; who know too little of your character, to appreciate its generosity and candor, and would not scruple to wound your sensitiveness, by ridiculing feelings with which they cannot sympathize.'

'You do then think me too free — too lavish of my confidence and affection? Tell me frankly — I shall not be offended.'

'Frankly, then, I must confess that I do. I know that you may win many hearts, and indeed, all who know and appreciate your amiable qualities must unavoidably love you. Treat all with kindness, but reserve your confidence for those who have given you undeniable proofs of their sincerity.'

'Thanks, Mary. I will endeavor to profit by your advice. I cannot remain any longer with you at present, for I have already extended my visit far beyond the prescribed limits. Some other time, we will have a further conversation on this subject. Shall I meet you at the ball?'

'No, I shall not be there. I find that so much gaiety disagrees with me — it unfits me for my more sober and necessary duties — you must come and see me as early as you can tomorrow, and give me an account of it.'

'I will. What shall I wear? no matter, I only hope Mr Richmond will be there.'

‘ So do I, for your sake. But do not lose your heart unless you are certain of receiving another in exchange which will be worth as much to you as your own.’

Agnes Staunton smiled ; said nothing, and took leave of her friend to return home and prepare herself for the ball. We have unceremoniously introduced our heroine and transcribed her conversation with her friend, Mary Gray. We will now speak more particularly of her. Agnes was the eldest daughter of a highly respectable family ; she lost her mother while at a boarding school at some distance from home, and a maiden sister of her father’s took charge of the family. On her return from school, her father, whose former place of residence was in a delightful country town, removed to New York, that his darling might have an opportunity of seeing more society than she had been accustomed to, during his residence in the country. She was nineteen when her father introduced her into fashionable society, and being of a lively and ardent temperament, she entered into all its gaiety and excitement with avidity. Mr Staunton had always been considered wealthy and enjoyed all the luxuries which wealth could procure. Dress, amusement, everything she could desire, was procured for Agnes : she lived in the midst of friends who lavished their affection upon her, made her happiness their constant study, and her own heart was ever open to kindness and joy. What could the happy creature know of sorrow ? Nothing. Life was, and always had been to her a garden which produced the fairest flowers. She had only to reach forth her hand and pluck them without a fear of being wounded by the thorns. Her years had glided onward like an unruffled stream, sheltered from the winds and storms, reflecting nothing but smiles and sunshine, and gladdening all hearts which came within its influence. Mr Staunton’s eldest child was a son, a promising young man several years older than Agnes, who was established in one of the neighboring villages and gave hopes of attaining in due time great celebrity in his profession, the law. He was, at present, visiting the city and was the constant attendant of his sister, whose beauty and talents were his pride.

Among the fashionable circle which Agnes daily met, was a young gentleman from Charleston, South Carolina, and never was there a knight better calculated to please fair lady than

Charles Richmond. His uncommonly fine person and graceful manners, had quite fascinated Agnes. He approached nearer than any other gentleman of her acquaintance that model of perfection which her own fancy had painted, and possessed all those personal and mental charms, with which young and romantic females are wont to clothe the heroes of their imagination. Mr Richmond was moreover an invalid, and rather melancholy — it was also rumored that he had printed a volume of poetry and written several pretty tales for the annuals. He had travelled in Europe, and charmed our enthusiastic heroine with brilliant descriptions of the countries through which he had passed. At times she could almost believe herself living beneath the sunny skies of Italy, or pausing amidst the classic ruins of Greece; at others she would imagine herself one of the gay damsels of France, or the inmate of some lovely English cottage, with its lawns, its hedges, and its lattices covered with luxuriant vines — at other times he would lead her through the intricate passages of some ruined castle, with its broken staircases, its crumbling walls over which the ivy 'trailed its long tresses,' its gloomy dungeons, its ruined court-yard, its towers, portcullis — he knew what subjects were most likely to excite her interest, and what would best draw out her own powers of conversation. She talked with, as well as listened to him, and from admiring his appearance and manners, soon came to admire his talents and acquirements, and to find more pleasure in his society than in that of any other gentleman of her acquaintance.

It was with the hope of meeting him that she eagerly accepted the invitation to the ball. She passed more time than usual at her toilet, for what reason she can best decide. Arrayed, at length, to her satisfaction and that of her father, she was soon seated in the carriage with her brother, and ere long made one of the apparently happy and thoughtless group amid the glare and brilliancy of the ball-room, but looked in vain for the face she most wished to see. Mr Richmond was not as usual one among the crowd of admirers with which she was surrounded. She was disappointed — could not be agreeable — wondered why he did not come — wished she had remained at home, and returned thither as soon as she could signify her wish to do so with propriety. She mourned, after reaching home, over the stupidity of the ball, and retired to her chamber for the first time in her life, dissatisfied with herself and every one else. As she slowly laid aside the brilliant dress,

which she had hoped would please Mr Richmond's taste, it occurred to her that she had once heard him say he disliked dancing and never attended a ball when he could avoid it. This explained all — why had she not recollected it before? Had she done so she certainly would not have gone herself.

The next morning she walked out directly after breakfast to pay the promised visit to her friend Mary Gray, with whom she had lived in habits of intimacy and who was in every way worthy of her esteem and love. She found her at home and in momentary expectation of her. She confessed to her the disappointment she felt in not meeting Mr Richmond at the ball, and learned from Mary that he had called the preceding evening and signified his intention of leaving town the following morning.

'When did he say he should return,' inquired Agnes earnestly?

'He did not specify any time,' replied Mary. 'He said he might possibly be in this part of the country again, but it was uncertain when. He was going to attend his sister's wedding, and afterward to accompany herself and husband on a voyage to Europe, where they were intending to reside sometime. He should not remain there long himself.'

'But did he say nothing about returning here again?'

'Nothing. He will sail in May, and return to this country again in September. But Agnes, I am sure he must have left his card for you.'

'Perhaps so — not knowing his intention of going so soon, I did not think of looking for it before I left home — I declare to you, Mary, I feel sadly to have lost the last opportunity I shall probably ever have of seeing him. I feel grieved, yet I see no cause for any great regret on my part. There are certainly few gentlemen who can compare with him — what do you think of him, Mary?'

'I admire him very much, but I must confess that I have seen others who were as well worthy of admiration.'

'I wonder where — I never did. Do not laugh at me Mary, if I ask you one very silly question. One must be silly sometimes. Did he speak to you about me?'

'Perhaps I ought not to repeat all he says — but it requires more strength than I am mistress of, to resist that imploring look. He praised your beauty and talents, and hoped he should at some future time meet you again.'

Agnes's eye brightened as she thanked her friend for this

pleasing intelligence, and Mary smiled at the pleasure which beamed in her expressive features. As she returned home, Agnes strove in vain to shake off the feeling of disappointment which would cling to her, as the uncertainty of meeting Mr Richmond again, presented itself to her mind. The first thing she did after reaching home, was to inquire of the servant if there had been a card left for her. Yes there had, and a packet also, the gentleman had called the preceding evening while she was absent. Again she mourned having been at the ball — but there was no help for it. She glanced her eye over the card — ‘Charles Richmond’ P. P. C. Then he is really gone, thought she, I wonder when this was left. She then hastily untied the package, took off the envelope. It contained a few songs, which Mr Richmond had often spoken of as his favorites. Within, was a note, begging her acceptance of them and wishing she would learn them, and ‘sing them occasionally for his sake.’ The piano was instantly opened and each song successively sung — ‘*For his sake*’ she sung them again and again, and only left the instrument at the request of her brother that she would ride with him. In the evening she accompanied him to the theatre, met there all her acquaintances, but returned home again in very poor spirits. Time passed — parties, balls, operas all found her among the gay and thoughtless throng, but it was sometime before she recovered her former vivacity. By degrees, however, it returned, she thought less of Mr Richmond, and found less time to sing the songs he had given her — not that she was so fickle as to forget him entirely — Oh no! when she had leisure she would often recall his graceful figure, noble face and fascinating manners, and she often avowed that she had never yet met with his equal, that none of her admirers could compare with him, and none would ever succeed in gaining her affections. Yet why should she pine for him? Reason and common sense pointed out the folly of such a course. She could not make up her mind to break her heart for one who might long ago have forgotten her, and who possibly might have flattered her with his attentions while in town, because her standing in fashionable life was high, and her suitors numerous.

It is a common remark, that this life is a scene of uncertainty and change — yet how few feel it! How few in the enjoyment of prosperity and happiness, realise that they are blessings liable to be withdrawn at any moment. There is

often bitterness mingled with the pleasure we feel on looking at the young, in the midst of enjoyment ; their sky unclouded, to whom the past brings no unpleasing recollections, the present no sorrow, and the future no gloomy anticipations : — and this bitterness arises from their apparent unconsciousness of the changing world they dwell in. Sorrow and affliction when it reaches them, and it must unavoidably overtake them sooner or later, finds their hearts wholly unprepared to stand the shock. Yet who can deny, that, even then, affliction is sent in mercy and love, to wean the affections from the transient pleasures of the world and fix them upon that everlasting rock where they can be anchored in safety.

While Agnes was thus situated amidst the smiles of affluence, the kindness of friends, and every happiness she could desire ; the sudden death of her only surviving parent, came upon her like a thunderbolt. He who had loved her with such doting fondness, who had made her enjoyment his constant care, to whom she clung with all the warmth of affection of which her young heart was susceptible ; — her dear and only parent was no more. She was an orphan. Nor was this all. His affairs were in an unsettled state ; it was discovered that he had incurred large debts, which, when paid, would leave but little property to be divided among his children. Agnes could no longer indulge in the style of living to which she had long been accustomed. What was to be done ? When the first anguish of bereavement was over, this question unavoidably pressed upon her consideration. Where could she go ? What could she do ? What would become of her little brothers and sisters, who now looked to her ? what could she do for them ?

To remain in town was impossible, nor did she feel any desire to remain there. Her brother proposed a removal to the village where he had for some years resided. She gladly embraced it. ‘ Life,’ she said to him, ‘ had no longer any charms for her, she would try to perform her duty, but felt her utter incapacity to fill the new station which was opened for her.’ It was with heartfelt anguish her kind relatives and friends witnessed the depression of spirits her father’s death had occasioned, and from which nothing could rouse her. A married sister of her mother’s, offered to adopt one of the children, having none of her own. Agnes yielded to her solicitations and placed her youngest sister under her care. Mary Gray was her constant companion, and endeavored in every

way to console her poor friend under this heavy affliction : — wept with her, sympathised with her, shared her grief and pointed out the heaven where comfort was in store for all who mourn. Agnes tried to smile to please her friend, but her bloom fled, her cheerfulness was gone and her friends feared lest she might wear herself away with grief, and sink under her afflictions.

After her removal into the country, however, she began by gradual and slow degrees, to improve in health and spirits. Spring was calling into life the flowers, and clothing the naked branches of the trees with its fresh garment of green. Summer followed with all its richness and variety, and its genial influence had a soothing effect upon her stricken heart. The spot which her brother had selected, was one which he had chosen for its simple and quiet loveliness. Agnes could not be insensible to its beauty. The dwelling was nearly a mile distant from the village and situated on the bank of a pretty lake, embosomed among the trees. On the opposite shore rose the spire of the village church, and several neat farm houses, with their fields of grain and pastures, where flocks of sheep might be distinguished quietly feeding, and cattle lying lazily in the sun. A long ridge of gently sloping hills rose in the distance ; in some places covered with groves of pine luxuriantly blended with the richer and fresher foliage of summer ; in others, skirted with fences, enclosing orchards and pastures, while here and there a high elevation displayed nothing but some half grown grass, and a few trees, and even those were fast falling beneath the destroying axe of the laborer, and adding others to the number of black and unsightly stumps which stood as monuments of fallen greatness — the last relics of what had once been a noble tree, shading the more tender and delicate verdure from the scorching sun.

As Agnes recovered her cheerfulness, she began to delight in the simplicity and retirement of this new abode. With her own hand she planted and watered the flowers in her garden, and twined luxuriant vines of honeysuckle and woodbine over the doors and windows. She was the constant companion of her brother and sister who remained at home. They accompanied her in her rambles, assisted her in her labors, and were instructed by her, instead of being sent to the village teacher. The eldest of these children was a fine boy of eleven, who had been, before his father's death, preparing for college, but was not able to return again to school. This was a great dis-

appointment to him, but he bore it patiently and pursued his studies with the assistance of his brother and sister, and reluctantly, however, gave up the intention of going to the University. It now occurred to Agnes, that she might be able with her own exertions, to gratify her brother. Edward admiring her generosity, suggested the possibility of obtaining music scholars from some of the rich families in the neighborhood. She succeeded in procuring a few, and the number afterwards increasing, she was able with the assistance of Edward, to carry her plan into execution. Agnes had received several invitations from her friends in town, to visit them, and a brother of her father's who resided in Baltimore, urged her in the most affectionate manner, to make his house her home. To accept the former invitation she knew would interfere with her duties as an elder sister, and the latter she declined from her dread of being dependant, even upon a wealthy relative.

[To be Concluded next Number.]

AGNES STAUNTON.

[Concluded from the last number.]

MARY GRAY, at Agnes's earnest request, came to pass a few weeks with her in the Autumn and Agnes wept with joy at again beholding the friend to whom she had always been so strongly attached in prosperity, and who was now doubly dear from the kindness she had manifested toward her in affliction. Mary found her happy and cheerful, but less gay and sprightly than she had formerly been. Agnes, herself acknowledged that the happiness she now enjoyed was more substantial than what she had before experienced — that it arose from the consciousness of endeavoring to perform her duties faithfully.

‘Then you care not,’ inquired her friend ‘to return to the gaiety and excitement of the city?’

‘By no means. On the contrary, I now feel as if it would be a source of unhappiness to me again to live amidst that distracting whirl of gaiety. Yet I often sigh when I think upon my separation from all my pleasant acquaintances. I was fond of society and excitement, and dependant upon those for enjoyment. My life was a selfish one, Mary; I lived for no other being and sought the gratification of no other.’

‘You should not say that, Agnes. Yours was by no means

a selfish life, nor have you a selfish disposition, as all your friends will testify who were gladdened by your society and cheered by your affection and kindness.'

'If I added to their enjoyment it was nothing for which I deserve praise. Nature blessed me with a happy disposition and affectionate heart — fortune had always smiled upon me. It cost me no effort to be cheerful. How could I have been otherwise? The excellence of a disposition can only be proved by trial and vexation. We should all, were it optional with us, be unwilling to court affliction, yet we must confess it to be often necessary to awaken the dormant energies of our nature — to show ourselves, as well as others, what we are and of what we are capable. It was a heavy blow to me, the loss of that dear, kind father, and yet I think I can discern the mercy even of that bitter trial: and the loss of fortune, however trifling compared with the loss of friends, is still felt deeply by one who had been brought up, as you know I was, in the indulgence of every selfish gratification. You have no idea of the difficulties I encountered at every step, in the commencement of my new career. But I have been taught a good lesson by that most faithful, but severe teacher, experience. You see I can moralize now equal to yourself — this I have learned since I last saw you.'

'You are at least rich in one respect, my dear Agnes — rich in those noble and generous qualities which are of more value than any other possession. I cannot pity you for I find you too happy to need compassion. But let us talk a little over old times — they must still be dear to you — have you forgotten your paragon, Mr Richmond?'

Agnes smiled, and replied that she still remembered his many attractions and considered him the *nonpareil* of elegance.'

'When I left town he was there,' said Mary. 'He called to see me but a short time before I came here.'

The joy which Agnes would fain have concealed beamed in her fine, expressive eyes, but was soon changed to an expression of sadness, as she inquired — 'Well, and how did he look?'

'As usual, that is, as handsome as ever. He was very melancholy, and did not go into society. You recollect when he left town last winter, he was anticipating great pleasure from the approaching marriage of his sister. She was his only sister, I believe, and the youngest of a numerous family of which he was the eldest. These two alone survived, the

others having fallen victims to consumption. She was married, and in the midst of preparations for their voyage, was taken ill, and died in a very short time.'

'Poor Mr Richmond! He then has lately tasted of affliction, the loss of his sister must have been a severe stroke; I have often heard him speak of her, and always with so much pride and affection.'

'Yes, he was tenderly attached to her, and betrayed great emotion when speaking of the event. He inquired for you, Agnes, and seemed truly grieved at the sad intelligence I gave him respecting you.'

'Then he did speak of me — I thought probably he might have forgotten — but —'

'But what, Agnes? Do not fear to confide everything to your friend, as you ever have done.'

'I do not fear it, dear Mary; but there are some feelings, which prudence bids us keep to ourselves. The foolish remark I was about to make was one of that class.'

'Of that, you are certainly the best judge — I will not urge you. But to be frank and open with you, I do mean to give you my opinion respecting a certain affair. I believe Mr Richmond is far from being indifferent to you.'

'Why do you think so?'

'For various reasons. I did not tell you so last winter. Ardent and open as you were, I feared the effect would be dangerous. The greatest charm of your character, I had often heard Mr Richmond observe, was its frankness and simplicity. I feared that were you to know that others thought he admired you, the charm which won his admiration, would vanish, and give place to awkwardness and embarrassment when you were in his society.'

'You were very considerate — well, go on.'

'I intend to do so. You know I have always taken it upon myself to be your monitress, and have made the best use I could of the advantage which a few years seniority gave me. I suppose you would like to have me bring forward some proofs to justify my assertion.'

'Yes — but it can make but little difference with me now. Time — He — Circumstances may have — no matter — go on.'

"*Time, he, circumstances.*" 'Methinks that is rather a confused remark,' replied Mary, smiling. 'I cannot come at its meaning. In the first place, he has spoken frequently of you, and in such a particular manner, that a person must be more

than ordinarily obtuse, to doubt his interest in you. He told me that he thought he should call and see you as he passed through this village on his way to S——. It was not *what* he said, so much as the manner of saying it, which convinces me that you have for a long time been uppermost in his thoughts. But you look altogether too sad. My object in telling you this, was to cheer and gladden you ; but I find I have failed entirely. Pray why do you feel so sadly at the prospect of meeting Mr Richmond again ? ’

‘ I know not that I could make you fully comprehend my feelings on the subject, my dear Mary. You forget, I am sure, that I am not now what I was once. My change of circumstances.’

‘ Hush ! You do Mr Richmond injustice. It is not possible you can seriously imagine, he would love you less for having experienced the frowns of fortune. You once considered him noble, generous, disinterested. Either you made a false estimate of his character, or you must now confess, that, was he all this, he would feel his affection and admiration increased when your own generosity and moral strength — the love which Scott compares to a

‘ summer flower
That withered in the wintry hour,
Born but of vanity and pride,
And with those sunny visions died.’ —

is not I am sure the love you would prize. Not to be beloved for yourself, but rather for your fortune, beauty, or rank in life.’

‘ You seem quite indignant Mary ; but you must listen to me a moment. Recollect, in the first place, I have never confessed, even to myself, the possibility of his feeling any attachment for me. If I really believed that he felt any when I was prosperous and happy, and that his love died with those “ sunny visions,” I should not waste many sighs when it was withdrawn. A lady should be slow in believing herself to be beloved, unless she has “ confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ.” Mr Richmond may perhaps have been one of many who admired or professed to admire me for my fashion, fortune, beauty if you will, but not for my character : of that he was ignorant. I was a giddy, thoughtless girl — I had no decided character. His birth and fortune entitle him to look for a connexion with the first lady in the land. Will he probably waste many thoughts on a poor country lassie ? ’

‘ I insist still that you do him injustice. But I see it is in

vain to reason with you. Mr Richmond will plead his own cause better than I can plead it for him. I have prepared you to see him very soon, but I must confess I wish the communication I have made, could win one smile from you.'

'After we have considered the matter seriously, and you have satisfied me more fully, I will smile as much as you wish, my dear Mary. Suppose that your suppositions are correct; that Mr Richmond is not indifferent to me, nor I to him — that his visit is a lover's visit — that he should offer himself to me (an event, of course, very likely to take place). What of all that — could I accept him?'

'Why not?'

'Look at me, Mary, situated as I am; these children dependant upon me; the task I have undertaken, with the assistance of Edward, to carry my brother through college; the absolute necessity of my remaining here to take charge of the family. No, here are my duties, here must be my home. Do not try to persuade me but rather encourage me in the faithful performance of all that devolves upon me in my present situation.'

'My dear girl, I will say no more. Your motives are pure, your conduct truly admirable. You deserve happiness and I know it will follow you wherever you go, and whatever you do.'

This conversation produced a contrary effect from that which Mary had intended. She was almost persuaded in her own mind that Mr Richmond loved Agnes, and thought that she had discovered proof of Agnes's attachment to him. She was not disheartened but hoped for the best, and looked forward with almost as much eagerness as Agnes to his promised visit. As for our heroine she started whenever the gate opened, turned pale if the door bell rang, strained her eyes to gaze after the stages as they passed and repassed the house, — but weeks fled bringing no Mr Richmond.

An event however took place which diverted her mind from him, and transferred it to an occurrence of great interest; it was the death of a distant connexion — an old bachelor, who had left a large fortune to be divided among the orphan children of his deceased friend and relative. Circumstances so wholly unexpected could not fail of producing great excitement. The family were now possessed of sufficient wealth to render them independent. Gratefully as they acknowledged the blessing, it was nevertheless received with a moderate de-

gree of joy. Edward was now able to unite himself to the lady to whom he had long been attached, the daughter of a respectable merchant in New York. He returned with her to his country residence where he remained until the following winter.

But where was Mr Richmond all this time? Nothing was seen or heard of him. Mary was at a loss what construction to put upon his prolonged absence, and Agnes had given up all hope of ever seeing him again.

It was one delightful warm evening in September, the windows and doors were thrown open, and the fresh air perfumed with a thousand fragrant flowers which Agnes had planted in the garden, and each side of the neatly gravelled walk leading to the house; the landscape was exquisitely lovely; over every object twilight was shedding its 'soft shadowy hues,' and giving to objects 'late so bright, the coloring of a shadowy dream.' Some of the family were dispersed about the garden, others strolling along the margin of the lake. Agnes was alone in the parlor, seated at the piano, singing one of those songs which he who gave them begged her to sing occasionally for his sake. She thought she heard a tap at the door and stopped to listen. It was repeated. She herself arose and went to the door; and he who was then, (must I confess it?) uppermost in her thoughts, stepped gracefully forward to greet her. He entered the parlor; it was not yet so dark as to prevent her distinguishing his fine features, and graceful figure. His voice had not lost its richness nor his eye its brightness. He was thin and pale, but to Agnes he appeared handsomer than ever. He soon became at ease; spoke of the delicious stillness of the evening, the rich and beautiful landscape; said he had reached the village but an hour ago; learned that her brother's residence was opposite the lake, and had walked there through the most romantic scenery he had seen for some time.

It would not be difficult to describe his emotions as he gazed upon the altered loveliness of Agnes. He had first met her happy, gay, and thoughtless, her eyes beaming with gladness, and her whole heart overflowing with joy. Affliction and anxiety had now softened the brilliancy of her large dark eye, and robbed her cheek of some of its bloom. But to him it seemed only to have 'touched each feature with a new-born grace.' He had heard nothing of her or her family after his last interview with her friend Mary, and had not yet discovered

their accession of fortune. Need I say more, and tell how readily he yielded to Edward's solicitations to remain longer in the village, or describe, —

‘ The glance none saw beside,
The smile none else must understand,
The whispered thought of hearts allied,
The pressure of the thrilling hand.’

Suffice it to say, that the following summer found Agnes in Europe, the wife of Mr Charles Richmond, visiting with him in reality, the spots which she had so often travelled in imagination, and witnessing the original of the pictures to which the fascinating youth had once painted with such brilliant colors to her lively fancy.

P. P. P.

AN ADVENTURER.

FROM THE APRIL NUMBER OF THE LONDON NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

LONG before the narrative can be glanced at by human eye, or listened to by human ear, the sufferings of him who is the subject of it will, in this world at least, be at an end. May I hope that, though in life I have little benefitted my species, my example may serve as "a negative instruction to my successors for ever."

I am a younger son of a gentleman of good family but small estate, in one of the midland counties of England. It is not my purpose to enter into further details than are necessary to illustrate the main object of my narrative. At an early age I was sent to Eton, where I soon began to distinguish myself, particularly by the elegance of my Latin verses, and the facility with which I composed them. Nor did I stop there. I learned, in process of time, to excel in Greek verse also; and, what was perhaps of more importance than either, I discovered that I had a peculiar aptitude for English versification. In short, by the time I was ready to leave Eton, and go to the University, I had acquired the reputation of being, if not a very profound, an elegant scholar, and a very clever fellow.

I repaired to the University of Oxford with my school honors budding thick upon me; and there I found a new career open to my ambition. There were the University honors, as well as the honors and emoluments of my College, to be tried for; and there was, besides, the palm of eloquence to be won at the Oxford Spouting Club. Every body who knows anything of Oxford must have heard of its Spouting Club—that arena of eloquence in which the young Oxonian, as he declaims in all the majesty of would-be manhood, and real verse-out-of-place and prose-run-mad, feels, or fancies, that "the eyes of Europe are upon him."

I soon became so enamoured of the "eloquium et famam" of the orators of this club, that I devoted no small degree of exertion, and no inconsiderable portion of my time, to enable myself to assume a respectable station among them. In due time, and after one or two failures, I succeeded in the object of my ambition, and, by so doing, led the way to my misery and ruin in after life. But I will not refer to that at present; the sequel of my story will be dark enough, without the introduction of gloomy reflections out of place.

In process of time I became (I believe I may venture to say) the second speaker there. It is in the hour of my humiliation that I write this, when the pride of that spirit which I once believed invincible has, indeed, received a fall; but had I been asked then, or had, perhaps any of my friends been asked the answer would most probably have been that I was the first. But, be that as it may, another man and myself were certainly the two leading orators of the Oxford Debating Society, at the time of which my narrative leads me to treat: that other man was an Etonian, and was my intimate friend—indeed, by far the most intimate friend, save one, I ever had. We were united by the "idem nolle atque

nolle,"—by a similarity of tastes in literature,—by a similarity of principle, at least of sentiment, in politics. The side we had chosen in politics was the liberal one, perhaps I might say the ultra-liberal; and we defended it with a constancy, a skill, and a resolution that obtained for us almost uninterrupted victory on the narrow field on which we then fought. Though my friend's taste in literature was nearly similar, his application was greater, and his character less mercurial than mine. But I must proceed; for I write for a far other end than to give a critique either upon his eloquence or my own.

The time for taking my degree of Bachelor now approached, and I found, to my no small dissatisfaction, that my oratorical occupations had encroached so far upon my time, that I was not prepared to take nearly so high a place in the examination as my friends expected me to take, and as, perhaps, I myself felt that I ought to have taken. My fears were too well-grounded; I failed in my degree,—that is to say, I took a much lower degree than I ought, or at least, than I wished to have done. And this was scene the first of the advantages of being a spouting club orator. I remained at Oxford, and read for an Oriol Fellowship. Failed in that, too;—once—twice. Scene the second of the young orator's tragedy.

I now went down to my father's seat, in ——— shire. I cannot say exactly that I met with a cold reception: but I saw that they were disappointed: for they had expected to see me return crowned with Oxford honors, and, what was of more importance to a younger son of a not over-wealthy family, in possession of a fellowship. I soon found that I was a mere cypher in the family, and, perhaps what was worse, in the neighboring families. There was my eldest brother, who was to have the estate, and my second brother, who was to have the family living,—both very important persons in their way, whose talk was of horses and dogs, guns and fishing-rods. In "such branches of learning" their acquirements were considerable; and their contempt was proportionably great for most of the other human arts and sciences. I who, though not altogether unskilled in the exercises in which they excelled, yet, from having had my attention constantly directed to pursuits of a different character, was a neophyte compared to them, came in for my full share of that contempt; but what annoyed me rather more (for, to own the truth, the estimation in which I might be held by such judges as my dearly-beloved brothers never much troubled my repose) was, that I found myself, in the circles in which my family mingled, particularly among the young ladies of those circles, a person of marvelously small importance. The young jades, while they treated my brothers with due consideration, appeared to regard me as a disappointed, a ruined man—in a word, as a failure: they had not the discrimination to find out the germ of an orator and a statesman in the landless and livingless younger

brother. I perceived this—and the discovery, I promise you, was far from an agreeable one—on the contrary, it was gall and wormwood to my haughty and aspiring spirit. Yes, the thought that I was despised, even by them, cut me to the very soul. “What,” thought I, “are all the once fair prospects to the haughty and aspiring—blighted for ever? Are his hopes dead within him? His visions of fame, and power, and glory—are those for ever fled? Is the fabric of his towering ambition crumbled into dust? No, truly, they shall not. I have failed in my degrees and in my fellowship, where many a dull, plodding pedant succeeds: but, for that surely I have not failed as the architect of my fortune. The energies I had within me were not, and they *shall not* have been bestowed in vain.”

My resolution was taken. I sought an interview with my father, and explained to him my desire of immediately commencing in real earnest the study of the law, with a view of being called to the bar as soon as possible. He consented, but told me that, as the expenses of my education had already been very considerable, he must limit my allowance in London to the smallest sum that I could possibly subsist on as a gentleman; and that, as he could undertake to continue that only for a very few years, I must make up my mind, if I did not succeed at the bar within that space of time, to give up my profession of the law, and live on a curacy. I readily agreed, feeling confident, as most young men under similar circumstances do, that I should make my fortune long before the expiration of the time prescribed.

Accordingly I left—shire, determined never to return to it, or, at least, not till I was a great man. Alas! I never returned—I will never return. Let that pass. I commenced my legal studies and began to keep terms at Lincoln's-Inn. The life of a young lawyer, who means to live by his profession is often, I might say is almost necessarily a hard and, what is worse, a cheerless one. In the middle of a large and luxurious capital, he sees, himself surrounded by gaities in which he cannot mingle, and tempted by pleasures in which he dares not to partake. And thus, in that gloom of solitude, he wastes his youth, and, perhaps, the best years of his early manhood, enjoying neither the cup of pleasure nor the smile of beauty, and as yet without a share of those honors which, to hoary ambition are sometimes more than a recompense for the loss of all the pleasures of youth. Vain thought! As if anything which human life or vulgar ambition could bestow was a recompense for those pleasures. But this, at least, was not my fate, however hard it might be, it was not this. Not so was I doomed to waste my golden youth,—and for the maturity of manhood, that I shall never behold.

My friend and rival in eloquence, I think I should rather say fellow-laborer, in the Debating Society at Oxford, had not disappointed the expectations of his boyhood. He had written one or two clever pamphlets, and, in short, had gained so much reputation for ability both as a speaker and writer, that that the Whigs thought it worth their while to bring him into Parliament. He did not disappoint their expectations of him, and soon proved himself a powerful accession to their forces.

Shortly after I had been called to the bar, and

had already begun to feel the influence of that “Hope deferred which maketh the heart sick,” the portion of so many a young lawyer, I was sitting one morning expecting briefs, but expecting them in vain, when a somewhat sharp double knock at my outer door aroused my attention (not very deeply fixed) from the law-book I was perusing. I have an ear for knocks though not for music—and it seemed to me that there was something peculiar in the knock in question—something that bespoke decision and a degree of impatience. I listened attentively, and, heard my clerk (poor devil! his steps, no doubt, quickened by a regard to the main chance, *videlicet*, in this case, his jackall share of the spoil) move with alacrity to open the door.

“Is Mr.—at home?”—a gentleman certainly, by his voice.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Take my card in.”

“Will you walk in, Sir?”

“Take in my card, I say.”

The clerk entered and presented a card—“Lord —; tell his lordship to walk in.”

“Will your Lordship walk in?” said the obsequious clerk, throwing wide open the door of the chamber, bowing very low, and as he did so, placing himself exactly in his Lordship's way. His Lordship made his way into the room with some difficulty, without failing over my bowing clerk; and I too bowed low in return for the graceful salute of one of the most celebrated men in Europe. When his Lordship, at my request, was seated, he began:—“Mr.—, I have taken the liberty to call on you on some very particular business”—(I bowed) “though not strictly professional, and on that account my intruding on you may require some apology.”

“None in the world, my Lord.”

“Well, Sir—hem—the purport of my visit, Mr.—, though not professional, is of an important character.” I assumed an attitude of the utmost attention. “In one word, Mr.—, for I hate circumlocution, the object of my visit is to submit to your consideration the following proposal. If we bring you into Parliament, will you, heart and soul, support us? I see my abruptness has somewhat startled you. But you may take time to consider the matter, and give us your answer in a day or two, or say a week. Of course I speak to a man of honor?”—I bowed.

“My Lord,” I then said, “I confess that the suddenness of your proposal has thrown me into some difficulty. The temptation is certainly great to a young man like myself, as you probably know, without fortune or powerful connexions. At the same time, your Lordship may probably have heard if any thing connected with a person so obscure and unimportant as I am may have been deemed worthy of a moment of your Lordship's attention, that the principles in politics which I have hitherto professed are not those of your Lordship's party.”

“Mr.—, I have heard as much; but, my dear Sir, you were so young—all young men, Mr.—, of spirit and talent take that side; but they generally—as imagination grows less, and reason more powerful—they generally see reason to change their opinion. Is not that the case, Mr.—? I am confident your candor will allow that I am right. Come,

Mr.—, you are no bigot to republicanism, or even whiggism?"

I smiled.

"But, my Lord, I have no fortune to support the rank of a Member of Parliament."

"Be under no uneasiness on that account, Mr.—; the nation has no right to be served for nothing."

I smiled again, but it was inwardly, and remained silent.

Lord — fixed upon me his eagle eye, as if he would read what was passing in my inmost soul. I fancied I could see him watch his time, as the falcon does his to pounce upon his prey: and even when he appeared to act with a generous disinterestedness, he adopted the best means to secure his victim. He saw there was some struggle. There was;—and had I been imperatively called upon to return a definite answer upon the moment, that answer from the very suddenness of the resolution I was called upon to take would have been in the negative.

"Well, Mr.—," he said, "it would be wrong to ask you to give a definitive answer to a question of such moment, upon the spot. This day week, will you do me the honor to call upon me? Let me see—shall we say about this hour—will that suit you?"

"Perfectly, my Lord—that is, if it is perfectly convenient, to your Lordship—for my time you know, is of no importance, compared to yours."

"Very well, Mr.—, on that day I shall expect to see you.—Good morning." And so ended an interview that sealed the fortune of my future life.

The temptation was great certainly. It would be such a triumph over those who had set me down as a failure—who considered me as a broken man, to have M. P. placed after my name, and be of importance with a great political party—aye, and that party in power, too. But, then, would not some of my kind friends say, with a commiserating smile, that I had made a shipwreck of my principles—I, who used to be so violent in my liberalism? What? Has not a man a right to change his opinion, when, for so doing, he sees—a convincing reason? Not to possess—aye, or not to exercise this right—is always to be a child. What!—always to retain the same opinion upon compulsion? The very idea is absurd, and the position not tenable for a moment. My resolution was fixed; and, on the appointed day, and precisely two minutes after the appointed hour had struck on the clock of a neighboring church, I knocked at Lord —'s door.

"Well, Mr.—," said Lord —, with a gracious smile, as I was ushered in his presence; "I hope I may be allowed to regard your punctuality as a favorable augury?"

After we were seated he appeared to expect me to speak.

"My Lord," said I coming to the point at once, "I have made up my mind to accept your proposal."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mr.—; and I am also glad to see that, like myself, you are no great admirer of circumlocution."

"I certainly am not," I replied, "though there are cases in which I think it may be used, without

the charge of imbecility against him who uses it."

"Rarely."

"Cromwell was not a weak man."

He nodded assent: but at the same time gave a smile which I did not exactly understand. However, thought I, it does matter; I don't think your Lordship, or any of your friends, will overreach me. I know as well the conditions, I think, of the sale as you do those of the purchase. And if they are infringed—What? We shall see.

The necessary preliminaries were soon arranged; and in no long time I took the oaths and my seat in the Commons House of Parliament, as representative of the rotten borough of —; for though I did not possess an acre of landed property, that objection was easily eluded. And this, by the by, is one of the most glaring acts of injustice inflicted by the English aristocracy, on their fellow-countrymen. It is a contrivance by which they have now, for about a century, effectually prevented any of the people from coming into parliament, *save and except*, such as are brought in the capacity of their tools.

Now commenced my career—alas! not of pleasure and of glory—but of misery and shame. The press opened the attack. There were no doubt persons connected with it who had known me as a speaker at Oxford; and sketches of my history were given, accompanied by severe and sarcastic remarks. They pretended, however, to treat me rather with contempt than severity, as an object unworthy, from my insignificance, of much consideration.

But I had severer trials than that to endure. I attempted the sort of oratory which had succeeded at Oxford;—I heaped antithesis upon antithesis, and pun upon pun; I brought out smart sayings by the dozen, and quoted humorous verses in abundance, after my most approved fashion. My puns and verses were treated with neglect—my antithesis with indifference—and my smart sayings against reforming principles produced coughing, and other signs of impatience from the opposite party; while I was not yet of sufficient importance with my own to receive the support and encouragement of their cheers. All this was very discouraging, particularly to a person of my proud and sensitive character; and I confess, as David Hume says, speaking of the ill success of some of his literary productions, I was discouraged.

This, I repeat, was discouraging; but yet even this was not all. One night I had made some pretty sharp, and what I intended to be severe remarks upon a speech of one of the opposite party. When I sat down, my old friend—of whom, by the by, I had seen very little since we had taken opposite sides in politics, and with whom my acquaintance had dwindled into a passing bow—rose up to answer me. He seemed to labor under a degree of excitement which I had never before beheld in him. He began, and he was at first scarcely audible from the violence of his emotions; but by and by he began to recover some degree of self-command, and his eloquence burst forth, like the sun from behind a cloud, with a vehemence and a brilliancy that I had never before witnessed in him. All the time, too, he regarded me with a haughty indignant, yet melancholy glance, that bringing with it the full

recollection of our early friendships, communicated to me a portion of his own agitation, which, however, by a strong effort, I prevented from becoming visible. Although to mention it may seem comparing great things with small, the attack made by Pym upon Strafford on his trial, as described by Baillie and others, involuntarily rushed upon my memory; it appeared to have occurred to the speaker also. I heard him thunder out the words "apostate from the principles and affections of his youth," "betrayed and insulted friendship;" and he said that "if the valor and capacity of Strafford were unable to redeem from imperishable infamy even that great bad man's name and memory—what must it be with meaner spirits, with less illustrious apostates?"

I need not say that my seat was not a bed of roses while my former friend was thundering out his eloquent invectives. I sat it out, however; and one triumph, that would have gladdened the hearts of those who hated me, I deprived them of—I sat it out, I say, with an unblanching cheek, a firm and unquivering lip, and an undaunted brow; and my deadliest enemy dare not affirm that I bore the thunderer's torture with less than a Promethean endurance.

This speech, added to the other sources of annoyance,—some of which I have alluded to,—opened up a fountain of bitterness in my heart, the waters of which were to be my brink for ever after. And yet, what may seem strange, my antipathies did not take the direction that they would have been supposed likely to take. Instead of being violently directed against my ancient friend for his terrible attack upon me, they were directed against those who had tempted me to become an apostate—against Lord — and some of his friends. It would seem, in fact, that my nature was too proud, self-willed, and intractable ever, perhaps, to acquire those "interest-begotten prejudices" that were to be substituted in the place of that earnest and early-imbibed love of freedom and independence that had been the guide, the pole-star of my boyhood and of my youth. The nature, too, of some of the work I was called upon to perform was marvelously little to my taste;—to defend every species of abuse by plausible pretences—to discover good reasons for bad conduct—to keep out of sight the real circumstances of the case—to misrepresent or gloss over such as could not be kept out of sight. My reward for all this, withal, was somewhat analogous to that of a doer of dirty work. I was evidently considered as a tool—as a tool that was to be ready for constant and indiscriminate use; and as such, of course, I was to have no will of my own.

Moreover, what, I will confess, galled me sorely, I was evidently considered by the aristocrats around me as a plebian—though my Norman name was as old in England as the first Plantagenet, and my family had been barons by tenure when the ancestors of most of those high and mighty peers were serfs. Some aristocrat, whose talents and acquirements I held in utter contempt, was constantly kept above me, partly to keep me ever sensible of my subordinate condition, and partly from the ever-waking jealousy entertained by the aristocracy of those whom they consider plebians. Those very

talents, for which they had purchased my services, and the power of which they could not deny, were only respected as far as they were employed in defending bigotry and despotism, folly and vice; in fostering prejudice and extinguishing the light of reason.

Such among those aristocrats was the insolence of the men; the impertinences of the women, if possible, exceeded it. There is at present in England a dynasty of women of fashion, who make it their proud boast to enact deeds of arrogance, impudence, and folly, such as eye hath not seen, nor imagination conceived. With these Aspasiases the patrician political adventurer is all in all; the plebian is nobody. With them no professional man can be a "gentleman:" scarcely a member of the lower House of Parliament can be such, unless he must necessarily come, in time, to the upper. For example, I once heard Lady — say, in reference to Lord —'s removal to the upper House on the death of his father, "*There*, you know, he will be among gentlemen." Their idea of "gentleman" is similar to that which Madame de Genlis, and her class, entertained of "*gentilhomme*," at least before the revolution. And what qualities, think ye, does that idea comprehend? Does it suppose a man of humane and affable demeanor; of the strictest honor in all his dealings; of firm, yet gentle temper, and enlightened understanding; a man who requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement? Good God, Sir, do you rave? You are on your death-bed. Are you about to die in a state of delirium? No, Sir. Here me once more. *Their* gentleman is an ignorant, idle, dissolute, selfish, unfeeling, remorseless, insolent human brute, got by a patrician sire out of a patrician, equestrian, or semi-plebian dam; who—I beg Mr. Cobbett's pardon, I should say which—dresses, rides, drives, votes, games, and wenches, after the most approved fashion of the day; and who, when he has defrauded you of your money, your time, and labor, or your good name, will shoot you by way of giving you satisfaction. *This* he calls the satisfaction of a "gentleman." Well, are you not satisfied? Yes. I have received such satisfaction, and I die "perfectly satisfied."

Well, Sir; thus was I situated. And did I like my situation? Like? No, Sir. I felt as if I had sold myself to the devil, and my reward was that vulgarly ascribed to those who thus render themselves the devil's victims. But if I am doomed, said I, to go down to hell, one at least of my betrayers I will drag there with me. A man perhaps of a more tractable spirit might have been able to forget the degradation he had suffered, to overlook the disagreeables of his situation; but with a temper and a memory like mine this was utterly impossible. They would not suffer delusion to take possession of my soul;—they would not let me fancy for a moment that my interests and theirs were identical;—they appeared not to seek to engage my affections on their side;—they deprived me of the aid even of party morality, and in that, my state of degradation, they denied me even the poor boon of oblivion.

I know not how long this state of things might have continued before it became absolutely insupportable, if an accident had not put a termination to

it. The Marquis —— was one of the most aristocratic men even of his most aristocratic set. Though upon the whole considered among that set as a well-bred man, there was, at times, an insolent *nonchalance* in his manner, that to me was specially offensive. On one occasion it was so bad that my impetuous temper burst forth—

“What do you mean, Lord ——?”

“Mean, Sir!” with a look of mingled surprise and haughty *nonchalance*.

“Ay, mean, my Lord?”

“What do *you* mean, Sir?”

“I mean, Lord ——, that I hold myself as much a gentleman as any man in the realm; and I will suffer no man on the face of the earth, however high his rank or office, either by deed, word, or look, to treat me otherwise.”

Another stare of astonishment and arrogance.

“Sir,” he said, “you would not have the second minister of the crown go out with an under-secretary? Sir, you know I cannot meet you as a gentleman.”

The effect produced by his words seemed to dispel even the fashionable apathy of Lord ——. It was as if all the blood of my fierce ancestor, who, in his wrath, once struck a prince of the house of Plantagenet with his gauntleted hand, were transferred to my body, and as if all that blood rushed to my brow. I made a spring towards him, like that of a tiger; and my hand was within an inch of his throat.

“Stop, Mr. ——,” he exclaimed. “You shall have the satisfaction of a gentleman, since you desire it.”

I stopped dead short. “You said I was not a gentleman, Lord ——,” I said. “I was only going to place us on an equality. But your Lordship’s politeness renders it unnecessary. I shall expect to have the honor of hearing soon from your Lordship.” I left him.

The public are sick of duels; and so am I. Every lacquey-school novel has two or three. I received his shot in my side, and missed him. He lives to mock at his plebian victim. But, though I die like the Roman gladiator, I shall yet be avenged.

I write these lines from a bed, from which I shall never rise, with a hand that will soon be cold in death, and a mind whose already decayed energies will soon, in this world at least, cease to exist. I know not what may be the death-bed of a patriot; mine assuredly is no bed of roses. I look on what I am, and compare it with what I might have been, had I followed an honest calling, or even stuck to my profession, instead of becoming the tool of an oligarchical faction and a political adventurer.

ARGUMENTS FOR THE FUTURE EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL, FROM THE LIGHT OF NATURE.

[By a Young Lady of Fifteen.*]

In examining the religious creeds of all ages and nations, however debased by superstition, or blinded by ignorance and bigotry, we find involved in them all, the belief of the future existence of the soul. It seems to be inseparable from the rational nature ; and we must remark how much it adds to the happiness of life. It is the bright beacon, which draws our attention from the ills and frailties of mortality ; it is the pillar of fire, which directs us in our many wanderings over this dark and troublous sea. If, then, we find it so inseparably connected with our constitution, and so essential to our happiness, may we not conclude that it has some foundation in Nature ?

We shall now proceed to consider a few arguments which go to strengthen this conclusion. In considering the nature of mind as an argument, we would not dwell upon its immateriality, in order to prove its immortality. For when we say that the soul is not extended, or divisible, and from this conclude that what is not made up of parts, and therefore the soul, is necessarily immortal, we conclude as strongly on the other hand that the soul cannot be created. But while we acknowledge the intimate relation that subsists between soul and body, so far from thinking this connexion necessary for the exercise of the faculties of the mind, it seems to us rather to limit the sphere of our information, and that the soul, whilst imprisoned in this earthly tenement, is but in an infant state of being.

But why, let me ask, were we made capable of lifting our thoughts from earth, to range through the infinity of time and space ? and why were not our views limited to the present scenes and enjoyments, if our lot is the same with that of the brutes which perish ? Although the nature of mind does not furnish any direct proof of the future existence of the soul, yet there is nothing absurd in the supposition, or contrary to those

* Miss Lucy Phelps. She died at Georgetown, D. C., 1833, before she was seventeen years of age.

laws by which nature is governed. It bears a striking analogy to the transformation of insects.

The insect, when it breaks the chrysalis, and is borne aloft on variegated wings, to bask in the sunbeams, is a faint emblem of the soul, when it throws off the shackles of mortality, and wings its way to the light of eternity. But there are other circumstances, which furnish stronger evidence of the soul's immortality, than any metaphysical view of the mind. It is derived from a comparison of the faculties and constitution of man, with his condition.

How shall we account for that instinctive desire for immortality and those anticipations of futurity inspired by hope? It is true that we sometimes hear the wretched profligate, who has neglected proffered grace, and whose prospects for futurity are alarming, wishing for annihilation: but this is not generally the case; it is the nature of mind to wish for immortality, and there is an instinctive horror at the idea of this immortal spark within us being forever extinguished. How essentially different does our anticipations of the future, inspired by hope, render our situation in this life. The good man, who is tossed by the ills and adversities of fortune, could not be saved from the melancholy suggestions of scepticism, were it not for this principle of anticipation, which leads his thoughts forward from this dark, tempestuous scene, to a brighter and happier world, where he can drink, from the pure fount of eternity, joys that never end. Nor is the uncultivated child of the forest divested of this principle, so happy in its tendency, to inspire us with courage to encounter our difficulties, and fortitude to support them. He, too, looks forward with exultation, to the time when he shall visit his fathers in the land of spirits, and where he shall enjoy, to their full extent, those simple estimates of happiness which he had learned to form. This it is which causes the martyr to rejoice even amid the flames at the stake, and exult when his earthly tabernacle is dissolving, as it but lifts the veil which conceals from his mortal vision the untried scenes and enjoyments of the invisible world.

Now, what inference can we draw from this natural desire of immortality, and these anticipations? It appears from what has been said, that they tend to increase our happiness, and to stimulate us to acts of duty. It has been asserted that they

were communicated only for this purpose, and that we have no reason to expect that they will ever be realized.

But it has been well remarked, that if such suggestions are listened to, there is an end to all belief. For, whatever principles are implanted in our nature and encouraged by the worthiest instinct of our constitution, we may safely hope that they will be gratified under the government of a Being who is infinitely good and wise. The same conclusion is obtained by a consideration of our present means of enjoyment, compared with the conceptions of happiness which we are capable of forming.

The sum of our happiness, it is true, is very great. There is a great profusion of enjoyment furnished by the charms of society, the pleasures of the imagination, and by the inexhaustible riches of the understanding. But in no case does the measure of our happiness approach near to that of which we can conceive. From this arises that interest which is universally taken in fictitious writings. Hence the sensual paradise of the Mahometan ; and from this arises the Christian's pleasure when contemplating that heaven, where man, washed in the purifying blood of a Saviour, sings his merits to an endless eternity. It may be remarked, that there are indications of a moral government in this world, which affords strong presumptions for a future retribution. In order to see the force of this observation, it will be necessary to consider the state of mind, when under the influence of despair.

A murderer, who knows that no human being witnessed his crime, fears no trial before any earthly tribunal. But still, this is not sufficient to quiet his conscience. If he retires from the haunts of man, and endeavors to hide himself in the recesses of nature, a voice seems to proceed from every object to show the atrocity of his crime. The woods, in their plaintive sighings, seem to whisper the name of the murdered one, and his dying groans and shrieks are borne on the winds of the night : he meets a spectre in every shade, and earth herself seems to lift up a cry to Heaven to shake from her bosom so foul a criminal. If he plunges into the active scenes of life, and endeavors to hush the bodings of his imagination by the hurry of dissipation and the bustle of business, here, too, is he persecuted by his conscience ; he fears to look even his friends in their

faces, for fear that his guilt will appear through the disguises of his countenance ; and his condition realizes the truth of the divine saying,—‘ The wicked flee when no man pursueth.’ And under such awful apprehensions he has often been known to reveal his guilt, and deliver himself up to justice. Facts of this sort are surely strong proofs of a future retribution.

We have hitherto said nothing of the principle of curiosity. The situation of man is very different from that of the lower animals ; their views are limited to the present moment, and they are under the immediate guidance of nature ; but man is directed by his own understanding. He is not satisfied to know the nature of the objects around him, but his researches penetrate into the deep and hidden principles of matter ; he seeks the mineral embosomed in its native earth ; he traces the handy workmanship of God in the geological structure of the rock ; and, not satisfied with these limited excursions, he turns himself to the starry vault of heaven, and there wanders amid a labyrinth of worlds.

These considerations are sufficient to show that the principle of curiosity can never be gratified until another and more perfect state of being. If a belief in a future state is so essential to our happiness, and conducive to virtuous habits, why, it may be asked, were not the evidences for it more striking to human reason, and why were we not afforded a clearer view of the enjoyments and occupations of eternity ? To this it may be replied, that our views of a future state might have been so strong as to dampen all our exertions, and make every thing here appear unworthy of our pursuit : accustomed as we should be to dwell upon the glories of heaven, the scenes and enjoyments of this lower world would have no effect upon us, or, as the poet has finely expressed it,

‘ A sense of higher life would only damp
The school-boy’s task, and spoil his playful hours ;
Nor could the child of reason, feeble man,
With vigor through this infant being drudge,
Did brighter worlds this full unmingled bliss
Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve the mind.’

We think the foregoing observations afford sufficient evidence for the future state. It is true that we cannot, by strict demonstration, prove the fact ; yet we think there is no absurd-

ity in the *supposition*. Nay, but there is an absurdity in a contrary one ; for as it was before remarked, that when any principle is so firmly implanted in the mind, and supported by the worthiest considerations, we have reason to conclude that it will be gratified under the government of a Being infinite in power and goodness. For he has, by implanting this belief in our constitution, awakened in us an expectation which in this case synonymous with a direct promise. And if we should suppose he has implanted this in our constitution merely to make us happier and more virtuous here, it would be comparing him to a weak and foolish mother, who should promise her child, if he would conduct with propriety, she would give him certain things, and at the same time have no intention of bestowing these things upon him. And shall we charge our *God* with falsehood ? Attribute to him who has unerring moral rectitude and wisdom, what we consider an imperfection, nay, baseness in the conduct of the weakest of our species ? No ! though every man be found a liar, still let our *God* be true.

CHARACTERS.....No. II.

BY MRS E. C. IMBURY.

GENTLE READER, do you remember Aunt Silly? If you do, then read the few following pages and learn how differently character may develop itself even in the same circumstances.

Aunt Mabel is like Aunt Silly — an old maid — but here all resemblance ends. Mabel Morrison could never have been styled a beauty, but if delicate features, dark grey eyes shaded by long black lashes, and a countenance expressive of the most winning gentleness, be at all attractive, then was she certainly possessed of that which is far rarer than beauty—I mean loveliness.

Few are so unskilled in physiognomy as to require to be told that the most beautiful faces are not always the loveliest. A mouth may be as perfect as if formed by the chisel of a Phidias, and yet, if unadorned by the smile of good humor it will never be lovely — an eye may be as brilliant as the diamond, yet if it lack the *inward* light of intellect, or if it be overhung by the scowling brow of habitual anger, it will never awaken the feeling of tenderness. A face may possess a combination of features, which, according to the rules of art, constitute the perfection of beauty, but it may be utterly deficient in loveliness; and a face utterly destitute of regular beauty may, if intelligent and amiable, be exceedingly *lovely*.

Mabel Morrison was then, though not beautiful, certainly very lovely. She was the eldest child of a large family, and it required her father's continual exertions to support that family in comfort. The health of her mother, too, was very delicate, so that from her earliest childhood Mabel's life had been one of care and anxiety. The charge of the younger children had so entirely devolved upon Mabel that she had grown up with a consciousness of responsibility deeply impressed upon her mind. The constant exercise of patience which she had found so necessary when presiding over her little flock, had given a sweetness to her manner, which is seldom found combined with the gay animal spirits of youth. In fact, Mabel became matured before her time, and at eighteen she was singularly gifted with the personal bloom and freshness of early youth, together with the mental ripeness and strength of almost middle age. She was not without admirers

among the young men with whom she was acquainted, and when the young people were assembled in their social meetings around each other's fireside, there were few girls whose hand was oftener solicited for the dance, or whose chair was more closely surrounded by the merry-hearted young men, than the simply attired and quiet Mabel Morrison.

But there was one whose voice was sweeter to her ear than all the rest — one whose hand loved to linger upon hers in the dance, and whose touch thrilled her with a pleasure so strange, so deep, that she almost feared it was wrong. William Arnold was a merchant, engaged in a flourishing business in the city of New York ; but alas, New York was twenty miles from the little village where Mabel dwelt, and Mabel knew that when the summer had past away he would return to his home, perhaps totally forgetful of the unpretending country maiden whom he now seemed to admire. It was not until the day of Arnold's departure that Mabel fully comprehended her own feelings ; but when he was really gone — when she remembered the tremulous pressure of his hand, and the agitated voice which bade her farewell, her heart was wrung with anguish, and she felt that she had foolishly, perhaps wickedly, given to a stranger the tenderness which he had not even sought. But Mabel's was not a mind to sink beneath such a sorrow. She knew that grief grows by cherishing, and she applied herself earnestly to her homely duties, in the hope of forgetting the dream which had for a moment brightened her melancholy life.

Beneath her quiet demeanor, Mabel concealed deep and strong feelings. Many and bitter were her struggles, therefore, with the rebellious heart which still clung to the image of the man she loved. In the midst of her secret conflict her mother was taken very ill. All that affection could do to save or relieve was tried, but in vain, and soon Mabel knew that her mother must die. Sorrowfully did Mabel now perform her ministry of love, for dearly did she love her dying parent. One evening her mother feebly called her to her side, and in the most earnest manner implored her daughter to take charge of her little ones. ' You have ever been a dutiful child, Mabel,' said she, ' will you now promise that nothing shall induce you to relinquish the care of your orphan brothers and sisters ? But remember, my daughter, that you are taking upon yourself a serious duty. While you remain in your father's house, he will probably not marry again, but should you leave him, his

home will be desolate — he will marry, and my children will be given into the hand of a stranger.'

'Mother,' said the weeping girl, 'I never wish to marry ;' and she spoke truly, for she thought of the affection which had already run to waste, and she wished not to know aught else.

'Nay, my dear Mabel,' said the dying woman, 'you will, perhaps, marry at some future time, but promise me — that I may die in peace, promise me, that you will never marry one who will take you so far from your home as to render it impossible for you to watch over your father and his children. Do not leave your father's house until Anna is old enough to take your place, and even then, Mabel, you must not leave the village. I know I am asking you to make a sacrifice, Mabel, but you are all my earthly trust ; — can you promise ?' A pang shot through Mabel's heart as she gave the required promise, though she knew not why she felt so strange a reluctance. But her filial piety was rewarded by the blessing and thanks of her dying mother.

Alas ! a severe trial awaited her. Her mother had been but a few months dead, when William Arnold returned to the village. The loss of his father and consequent disarrangement in business, had detained him thus long in New York ; but he now came to ask the hand of his long loved Mabel, and bear her away to his distant home as his bride. Oh, how bitterly did Mabel weep, as she listened to his words. Had he but come a little sooner how different might have been her destiny. Her mother would not have exacted so dear a sacrifice — but it was now too late. She told William of all her love — all her sorrow ; but she was firm in her refusal to become his wife. In vain he prayed and entreated her to think before she decided. 'I dare not, William,' was her reply. 'My heart pleads too strongly for you. I dare not pause to think — I dare not give myself time to invent sophisms — I see my path straight before me ; and though it be strewed with thorns, still I must pursue it.'

He left her with sorrow in his heart, and returned to his home, but his grief was not like that of a woman's heart. Mabel's cheek grew pale, and her eye dim, as she struggled on her toilsome way, in sadness and loneliness of spirit ; but William rushed into the haunts of gaiety ; he sought forgetfulness, and he did not seek in vain. Two years passed away, and Mabel had left no duty unfulfilled, when suddenly she was

stricken down to the earth, by two calamities, as overpowering as they were unexpected.

William Arnold married another, and the tidings reached the unhappy Mabel just one week before her father intimated to her his intention of bringing home a second wife — a step-mother for those children to whose welfare Mabel had sacrificed all her hopes of happiness.

When her father brought home his wife from a neighboring village he found his daughter stretched on a bed of sickness, totally unconscious of everything around her.

Time sped on — other children were born to Mr Morrison, and the bright eyes of his living wife were dearer to him than the memory of the sweet face which had faded from his side. The new mother was a thoughtless, lighthearted woman, who willingly threw upon Mabel the burden of household cares, but when the claims of her own children began to interfere with those of her predecessor's, she did not hesitate to oppress the orphans, while she pampered the follies of her own offspring. In the meantime Anna, the next in age to Mabel, grew up to woman's estate and married. Her kind-hearted husband insisted that her sister, who was just emerging from childhood, should reside with her, to help her with the dairy, as he said, when Mabel scrupled to burden him with such an addition to his family. Her eldest brother, too, he took to assist him on the farm, and the second had been apprenticed to a carpenter in the village. There were now only three children left for Mabel to watch over. But her father began to complain of his poverty, and to reproach Mabel with still remaining a burden on his hands, when she had had many opportunities of marrying well. This was more than her gentle spirit could endure — to be reproached with the very sacrifice that had cost her so dear. But Mabel had many friends, and she knew that she would always be able to support herself by her own industry, even if her father should transfer all his love to the stranger's children.

At length her father, too, was called away, and his little property was barely sufficient to pay his debts, leaving nothing to his family. Mabel immediately opened a school for young children, took a small room in the village, and determined to bring up the three remaining children of her dead mother. Her kindness of heart was shown by her offering to instruct her half-brothers free of all expense ; and she soon found that industry and good humor never lacked friends.

For ten years Mabel Morrison was the village school-mistress. A brother and two sisters had been supported entirely by her exertions, until the boy was old enough to learn a trade, and the girls still continued dependant upon Mabel, when an opportunity presented itself of bettering her condition. Mabel was now verging towards thirtyfive, and though her soft brown hair was still unmixed with silver, yet she well knew that the smoothness of youth had left her cheek. She had long since ceased to think of marriage, when most unexpectedly she found her hand was solicited by Mr Allerton, an eccentric old bachelor, who had accidentally sojourned in the village during the summer. Mabel could not help laughing when she read Mr Allerton's singular epistle in which he declared his passion. He was a tall thin man, about sixtyfive years of age, with a quick blue eye, and hair of snowy whiteness; and when Mabel thought of his wrinkled face, his precise manner, his old fashioned cue, and his immense paste shoe-buckles, she could not help smiling at such a ridiculous picture of a lover. But she knew him to be a kind, good man, and her answer to his letter was one full of gentle and womanly feeling, but it was a *refusal*. Three years after, a huge packet of papers, sealed and witnessed in due legal form, was sent to her from New-York, attesting that she had been left sole heir to Jonathan Allerton, deceased, of the state and county of New York. She thus found herself in possession of a fortune of fifteen thousand dollars, and her toil was now at an end. She removed with her sisters to a small but commodious house near her dear Annie, whose children became objects of her care.

She had seen William Arnold several times since his marriage, but every time she beheld him her emotions were less painful. She saw him happy in the bosom of his family, fondly loved by his beautiful wife, and diffusing blessings around him. She was content with her own lot, and in the humility of her heart, she believed that it had been all for the best. She felt that she could stand no comparison with the elegant and educated wife whom William had chosen; and she thought that it was better to be a contented old maid than to have been unequally mated, as she now felt she *would* have been, with the talented and refined William Arnold.

Mabel Morrison is still living. She resides with Annie, whose children, though now grown up and some married, still demand all her attention. Her figure, slender but not attenuated, is always neatly robed in black silk, while a pretty close

cap covers her whitened locks. Aunt Mabel is some sixty years of age — pious, amiable, and kind-hearted, she is a living example that one may grow old gracefully, even when unattended by the children and grand-children who so materially assist one in stepping down the hill of life. Every body respects, every body loves her — in short, she is every body's kind, good, dear Aunt Mabel.

Brooklyn, Feb. 13th, 1834.

DIARIES.

EVERY young lady, who aspires to the dignity of having a 'well cultivated mind,' should keep a Diary — say, from fifteen to five and twenty years of age. An earlier attempt would not usually be persevered in and after twentyfive, a woman, if married, will find her duties are calling into requisition all her faculties and attainments; and in this will be active improvement, which is far better than speculative goodness.

But keeping a Diary is essential to a young or single lady, who has much leisure. It is the only corrective of that fault of our age, excessive reading without reflection. One may read mechanically, but she cannot thus write a diary. The effort to embody their thoughts in language, will compel ladies to think. And nothing will so surely make them ashamed of spending their time and thoughts on trifles, as the record which, at the end of each year, they should read over.

Let a young lady at fifteen begin her Diary, a faithful one, and keep, also, a regular account of her expenses; and she will improve in her powers of judgment and reflection; in her habits of thought; in that discretion which is the regulator of economy. A saving spirit is not always discreet — we must be in the habit of calculating future consequences as well as present expenses, in order to practice a wise economy.

We earnestly recommend this mode of self-education to all our sex, who have the opportunity of putting it in practice. One half hour in the twenty four, or even fifteen minutes, devoted to this self-examination and record, would be of incalculable effect on the mind and character of woman.

DICKY CROSS.

BY HENRY BELL.

MANY were the happy faces which were that day to be seen in the cheerful streets of Exeter; but among them all, none looked so happy as the sweet and modest face of Mary Woodward. It was a face of quiet but deep happiness; and no wonder, for Mary leant upon the arm of one who was in three short days more to be bound to her forever by the most sacred of ties. Had any one selected from all Exeter a young man of striking personal appearance, and of a fine frank open-hearted bearing, he would have pitched upon Miles Neville. His father was one of the oldest and most respectable legal practitioners in the town, and had brought up his son to succeed him in business, which, lawyer though he was, every body allowed he had conducted on the most honorable principles. To Mary Woodward, young Neville had been long attached. She was the orphan daughter of a naval officer who fell in one of Lord Nelson's engagements, and left her little for an inheritance, save the spotless integrity of his name and character. After this irreparable loss, she resided principally with a maiden aunt; but every one loved her so much, that she was continually taken away from her aunt on visits of longer or shorter duration, to some of the best families in Exeter and the neighborhood. Old Mr. Neville observed his son's growing attachment to Mary with complete satisfaction, for he well knew how erroneous a calculation those parents make who demand of their children a sacrifice of their best affections at the shrine of Mammon. Thus every thing had gone smoothly on; and now the wedding-day was fixed, Mary's wedding dress was ready, and all her simple preparations for her approaching change of state, which had for some little time back occupied her innocent and happy mind, were on the point of being completed.

No wonder, then, that she looked so smilingly on this sunny king's birth day. No wonder that, as she and Miles Neville passed through many a group of friends, a thousand pleasing compliments were given and returned. Among the poorer classes, many an aged pensioner who had been benefitted by Mary's ever-active benevolence, held up his hands to bless her, while little girls, with the quick perceptions and graceful fancies of childhood, came running up to offer her bouquets of their choicest flowers, or fling them in handfuls before her steps. A happy man was Miles Neville. In the glad beating of his youthful pulse, and the sparkling flow of his spirits, his native town of Exeter seemed the very paradise of earth, and he the most enviable of created beings since the fall of Adam. Mary and he would never have tired of looking at all the gaities that were going on, and the preparations for the illuminations and fireworks in the evening, had not the church chimes reminded them that it was already near four, and that they were both engaged to dine at that hour. Unfortunately they were not to dine at the same place. Miles had been long

pledged to spend the afternoon of the king's birthday with a friend who lived a little way out of town; and Mary, who for the last fortnight had been residing with old Mr. and Mrs. Neville, and was to continue with them till her marriage, had faithfully promised to dine with her worthy maiden aunt, who wished to give her sundry good advices previous to the performance of the nuptial ceremony.

It was necessary, therefore, that they should now turn their steps homewards, and they were just about to do so, when a sudden noise arrested their attention, and at the same instant about a dozen boys turned into the street, and fled past them at their utmost speed with every demonstration of terror in their looks. They were hotly pursued by Dicky Cross, with a countenance no longer vacant and limbs listless and inactive, but with his whole person, if one may so speak, lighted up with passion. How the unhappy fugitives had roused the maniac's anger, Miles Neville knew not; but as he heard the incoherent curses which in a strong hollow voice, and with clenched hands, he uttered against them, as he rapidly gained upon their steps he felt that the poor boys were in no trifling danger. Just then, one little fellow, who was running with all his might, and who was distinguished among the rest by the bright beauty and luxuriance of his natural ringlets, losing his balance, fell prostrate, and almost before he had time to shriek forth his terror Dicky Cross caught him up with a cry of fiendish exultation. He was about to dash the child with all his strength to the earth, when young Neville, springing from Mary's side with the speed of lightning, snatched the boy from his grasp, at the same time giving the idiot so violent a push with his athletic arm as made him reel several paces backwards. Thus baffled in the very crisis of his revenge, Dicky Cross, as soon as he recovered from the unexpected shock he had sustained, fixed his burning eye upon Miles Neville, and foaming like an overheated charger, measured him from head to foot. Miles, having by this time set down his little protegee, who immediately took to his heels again, stood in full expectation of an attack. But whether cowardice or cunning, or both, effected an alteration in the idiot's intention, it is certain that he did not think proper to come again into personal contact with his opponent. He walked up to him, however, and after giving vent to some hideous gibbering, which ended in a sort of savage yell, he shook his bony hand in Neville's face, and then, pointing to Mary Woodward (who was by this time as pale as death,) with a sneer and laugh of inconceivable malice, he walked off in an opposite direction, loudly muttering to himself, and ever and anon stopping and turning round as long as Miles continued in sight.

The whole of this scene, which has occupied some little time in narration, passed over in the space of two or three minutes. It took a good

while longer, however, to allay the agitation into which it had thrown Mary; but with her lover's aid she gradually regained her composure.

In about half an hour afterwards, Miles flung himself upon his horse to gallop to his friend's country house, having first obtained Mary's promise, that on her return from her aunt's she would not retire to her own apartment until he came home, although he might be somewhat later than usual. Immediately on Miles's departure, Mary, having speedily performed her unpretending toilet, set out to fulfil her engagement also, under the protection of Mr. Neville's servant, Timothy, who saw her to her aunt's door, and undertook to return for her a little after sunset, before the bustle of the evening commenced.

Miss Susan Stapeldon, Mary's aunt, was an unmarried lady of the old school—somewhat precise and ceremonious in her manners, not without a touch of stateliness—but, withal, a warm-hearted, charitable, and worthy individual. She possessed a moderate independence, and lived in a quiet, lady-like manner, in a neat small house. She had two domestics, one an elderly person who had been with her nearly all her life, and the other much younger, but scarcely less attached. Miss Stapeldon entertained the most affectionate regard for her niece, and had left her by her will the greater part of her property. Of course, therefore, she was not a little interested in Mary's approaching change of condition, and considered herself called on to give her on the occasion the best instructions and advice of which she was mistress.

Engaged in discussing subjects of so momentous a description, the hours flew rapidly on, and already had tea been introduced, and the last beams of the setting sun had faded from the crocketed pinnacles of the neighboring cathedral. The sounds of loyal merriment rose louder in the streets, and as twilight advanced, the windows of the more impatient of the *illuminati* began to be lighted up at intervals.

"Bless me, my dear!" said Miss Stapeldon, suddenly interrupting herself in some important remark on the subject of domestic economy, "it is within ten minutes of ten o'clock, and Timothy has not yet come for you! It will not be safe or proper for a young lady to be seen abroad much later."

"He will no doubt be here immediately," answered Mary, "and I shall put on my bonnet and shawl to be ready for him."

Miss Stapeldon's house was in a small square, or market-place, on the south side of the cathedral, and though the Nevilles scarcely lived a quarter of a mile off in a direct line, yet, as their residence was to the north of the church, it was necessary for Mary, before she could get home, to pass not only across the open space opposite the west part of that building, but also through several winding streets. The ten minutes elapsed, and then ten more, and then another ten, but Timothy came not. Miss Susan Stapeldon's ideas of decorum were sadly outraged by the reflection that her niece should be seen on the streets of Exeter on so hilarious an evening at so late an hour.

Still no appearance of the unfaithful Timothy; and it was at length determined that our heroine should proceed home without him—not, however,

by the public streets, but by a private and shorter road. Behind Miss Stapeldon's house there was a small garden, and a door in one of its walls communicated with a building which stood retired by itself at the north-east end of the cathedral, and was commonly known by the name of the Bishop's Palace. The bishop, however, had not lived in it for several years, and the stately old rooms which it contained were left in the charge of a trusty housekeeper, whose duty it was to keep the venerable furniture from falling to pieces as long as she possibly could. For the bishop's convenience, when he chose to make use of it, a small private door opened from one of the courts of this mansion into the cathedral. Now, it occurred to her aunt, that if Mary Woodward were to avail herself of this door, and, passing through the church, make her exit at the other end of it, she would find herself at once in the neighborhood of Mr. Neville's house, and would avoid the greater part of those crowded streets along which she would otherwise have to make her way. This suggestion was no sooner mentioned than adopted; and as Miss Stapeldon was on an excellent neighbourly footing with the housekeeper in the Bishop's Palace, she had nothing to do but to send to state her wishes in her niece's behalf, to obtain an immediate assurance that they would be most willingly complied with.

Miss Woodward, therefore, at length bade her aunt good night, who would not, however, let her go till she had again expressed her sense of the impropriety of Timothy's conduct, and pinned her shawl closer round her neck, lest she should catch cold in going through the cathedral. Light of heart, Mary quickly crossed the little garden, and passing out by the postern, found Dame Morley, the bishop's housekeeper, waiting for her as desired.

"The sun had set, and yet it was not night," as Byron says. To the west there were still some streaks of red in the beautiful sky of a summer evening, and on the east, the moon, nearly at the full, was rising in tranquil majesty. After passing through the deserted chambers, the housekeeper brought her to the court, or enclosed space, which separated the palace from the cathedral. They crossed it together, and then Dame Morley, producing a huge key which had every appearance of being seldom used, proceeded to unlock the private door which gave admittance to the latter building. This task accomplished, the worthy dame seemed to consider her commission at an end.

"I need not go any farther with you, Miss Woodward," said she; "you know the cathedral as well as I do myself. You have only to go along the choir, across the transept, and down the nave, and you will come to the door that takes you out to the street on the opposite side."

"I know my way well," said Mary, believing that she could now have no difficulty in reaching home. "It is quite unnecessary that you should put yourself to any more inconvenience on my account, my good dame. I shall call soon to thank you for the trouble you have already taken, and to have another view of your fine old palace. When I have a house of my own, you must return my visit. Good night! They will wonder what has become of me."

So saying, Mary entered the cathedral, and passed

rapidly down the choir. Dame Morley looked after her for a moment with an old woman's blessing on her lips, and then shutting once more the bishop's entrance, locked and double locked it; and taking out the rusty key, recrossed the court, and made the best of her way back to her own apartment in the least ancient part of the palace.

Through the great eastern window of the noble cathedral of Exeter, dim with the solemn tints of sacred emblazonry, the moon shed a diminished influence, but enough to cast a fitful light through the whole of the interior. Our heroine had already passed through the aperture in the organ screen which separated the choir from the transept, and having crossed the latter, proceeded along the nave not unobservant of the holy magnificence of that "temple built with hands." At length she reached the door she sought, but what was her astonishment when she found it shut—locked! She could not at first bring herself to believe that it was so. She knew that this door was in summer always allowed to stand open till near midnight, and it was not eleven. She walked rapidly to the principal entrance; it was closed also. She tried the only other door with which she was acquainted, but with no better success. Scarcely yet perceiving all the peculiarity of her situation, she hurried back to the small postern by which she had been admitted. It, too, was locked. For the first time she began to tremble. She knocked upon it with her hand, and, raising her voice, called with her utmost strength upon Dame Morley. The feeble sound scarcely awakened an echo in the lofty aisles, and the silence which succeeded seemed deeper than before. For some moments Mary stood still as marble, listening if she might catch the faintest footfall from without; but the beatings of her own heart were all she heard, and they became so loud, that she fancied she could not have heard any thing else, even although there had been any thing else to hear. Again she thought that she might not have examined the doors at the other end of the edifice with sufficient care; and more quickly than ever, though the way appeared twice as long as before, she retraced her steps, in the hope of discovering some mode of egress. It was in vain! Whether, because the vergers did not think it prudent so turbulent an evening to keep the cathedral as long open as usual, or whether some other motive had influenced them, certain it was that she was shut up alone within its walls.

Mary Woodward had a strong and well-regulated mind, but it was a trying situation for a girl not yet out of her teens. Lonely and helpless as she was within the vast and massy walls of that gloomy cathedral, a sense of her own littleness, and of the mysterious grandeur of the place, overwhelmed her. On the centre of the nave, and across the bare stone floor of the transept, the moonbeams fell broadly; but under the Gothic arches, and among the great carved pillars of the aisles, there was merely sufficient light to show how much shadowy darkness remained. The sounds of the revelry going on without, reached not the solitary being within; and the only sign by which she was made aware of its existence was the occasional gleam of a rocket which she caught through some high window as it exploded in the darkening sky.

Summoning all her resolution to her aid, and endeavoring to fortify her mind by the reflection that she was a temporary prisoner in a building consecrated to the noblest and purest of purposes, she continued for some time walking along the nave, and occasionally in the transept, still indulging a faint hope that some of the doors might be re-opened. As the time passed on, however, this hope became fainter and fainter; and when at length she heard the clock on the northern tower tell the hour of midnight, her heart sank within her. Overcome with fatigue, she passed once more with tottering limbs into the choir, where she hoped to find some resting-place, however comfortless. Here, in consequence of the partition wall, the light was more uncertain. The pulpit and seats in the chapel, the fluted organ at one end, the altar at the other, and the marble tombs which were erected all round, dimly perceptible as these objects were, looked strange and unnatural to the agitated girl. In a small recess on one side, where a stone seat had been rudely carved, she threw herself down, and recalling all her self-possession, made a strong effort to rally her spirits.

The monuments which surrounded the choir were for the most part ornamented with the effigies of the departed. Many of these figures were carved rudely enough, while others were sculptured with delicacy and precision. There was one tomb nearly directly opposite to where Mary sat, on the other side of the chapel, well known to all the inhabitants of Exeter by the remarkable recumbent figure which was carved upon it, and which no one ever passed without pausing to look at. The figure was that of a skeleton, very ingeniously executed, and grinning as if in silent mockery of all the vanities of life. A helmet, with the vizor up, partially concealed the skull, and in the long bony hand was a broken lance. It was a vivid and painful representation of what the once powerful tenant of the sepulchre beneath then was, and of what all humanity must one day be.

Mary's eye happened to rest upon this figure—probably conducted to it by a gleam of moonlight which fell upon it from an opposite window, making it more conspicuous than those by which it was surrounded. She was about to avert her gaze from an object so little calculated to soothe her agitated mind, when suddenly a shape rose from behind the tomb! In an agony of terror, a scream involuntarily burst from her, and her heart beat convulsively. She believed at first that the skeleton itself had risen from the marble on which it lay, and putting both her hands upon her eyes, she sat trembling like an aspen, and almost delirious. For a moment all was still as before—the solemn hush of midnight. It was only for a moment; the slow tread of a heavy foot fell upon her ear, and she felt that the shape was approaching her. Though expecting every instant to drop down lifeless, her sense of hearing appeared more acute than ever, and she could distinctly trace the successive footfalls as they passed along the opposite aisle, round the upper part of the chapel, and drew nearer the spot where she had seated herself. To seek any other concealment was out of the question; she could not have moved, though her soul's safety had been at stake. Besides, if that which was coming

towards her was not of this world, what concealment could have availed?

But the graves do not give up their dead. The being in the cathedral with that lonely girl was human like herself—at least the outward attributes of humanity were his, though the evil one seemed to have had power at his birth. It was Dicky Cross the idiot. Before the doors were shut for the night, he had concealed himself among the tombs as was his wont not unfrequently, and he had now risen from a restless slumber behind the skeleton warrior. Mary's scream had attracted him toward her, and he came along the aisle in which she was, muttering to himself unintelligibly. Her eyes were still closed, and her hands upon her face, when he stopped before her. She gasped for breath, and after a brief pause, was able to articulate, "If you be human, speak to me!"

A strange laughter, not loud but hoarse, was the only reply, as the idiot put up his hand to uncover her face. She felt the touch of flesh and blood, and with a desperate effort opened her eyes and looked upon him. She saw no spectre, but one whom she hardly dreaded less, and she sunk upon the floor in a swoon.

"Ha! I have found you!" cried Dicky Cross, as in the momentary glance she gave him of her face he remembered who she was. "Ha, ha! where is your champion now? ha, ha!" and a savage fire burned in his eyes.

Seizing Mary by her long and beautiful hair, he dragged her, insensible as she was, to a place where the moonlight fell more distinctly, and then kneeling beside her, watched with a demoniac expression of satisfaction the symptoms she began to give of returning animation.

"You are alone with the idiot now," he whispered loudly in her ear, as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to recollect where she was. "Alone! alone!" he repeated; "nobody but the old tombstones and I."

Mary did not dare to move or speak. She felt like the poor kid given over to the savage will of the tiger.

"He did not know when he struck me," resumed the madman, "that I slept with the dead bishops. You shall sleep with them too, but not as I sleep."

Then suddenly kindling into fury, he started to his feet, and laying his hands upon part of Mary's dress, tore it away, exclaiming, "Off with these trappings, woman! Yonder skeleton lies less daintily. Rise! we must visit the skeleton."

So saying, he again grasped her by the hair, and half led, half dragged her, more dead than alive, around to the opposite side of the choir. He stopped before the hideous effigy he had spoken of.

"This is my bed-fellow," said he, "and he must be yours also. Ha! ha! we'll cheat your minion. I know him! his name is Neville, but this skeleton is my ancestor. He struck me! and you were with him! you stood by and saw it! you smiled to see the idiot struck! Where are you now? These are the dead bishops; kneel to them! kneel to them!"

And as he spoke, he threw his victim forcibly down upon the floor. She clasped his knees, and besought him to have mercy.

"Mercy! ha! ha! ha!" shouted the creature; "blood has been shed in churches ere now! Neville will be here in the morning, but you and he will not laugh at the idiot again."

He fumbled among his pockets, and pulled out a rusty knife. Mary's soul recoiled with horror from the death she saw she was to die.

"Mercy! mercy!" she again repeated, flinging herself in despair along the cold stones.

The idiot laughed, and she heard him sharpening the knife upon the tombstone. Her moment was come; but, yielding to the mingled impulse of frenzy, and the last flash of dying hope, she suddenly sprang from the ground, and with more than woman's strength, rushing upon her executioner, endeavored to wrench the instrument of death from his grasp. A terrible struggle ensued, in the course of which Mary's hands and arms were cut in several places; but the issue was not long doubtful. Gathering her in his arms with all his strength, he dashed her from him on the ground, and as she fell her head struck against the stony skeleton. Uttering a yell of triumph, he raised the knife, and was about to plunge it into her heart, when the flash of torches burst into the choir, and a blow from a powerful arm stretched him senseless at her feet.

"Mary!—she is dead!" cried Miles Neville, throwing himself by her side.

"Ah! ah!" cried the idiot, recovering himself, and still grasping his knife.

"Wretch!" shouted Neville in despair, and again springing to his feet, felled him a second time to the earth.

"See! see!" said one of the attendants, "she recovers!"

"Where am I?" faintly ejaculated Mary.

"Safe! safe!" and Miles folded her to his bosom in a passionate embrace.

He had saved her from certain death, though weeks elapsed before she perfectly recovered from the shock she sustained.

Greatly alarmed on his return home to find that she was still absent, and that Timothy had been drinking too many bumpers to the king's health to be able to keep the promise he had made, Neville instantly proceeded to the house of Miss Stapeldon who had retired to rest several hours before, but was not less alarmed than Miles when she heard that Mary was missing. Dame Morley was next applied to, and from the information received from her, it occurred to Neville that his bride might actually be locked up in the cathedral. Torches were procured, and the door was no sooner open than a noise was heard which led at once to the spot where the last struggle was taking place.

The blows which the idiot had received were not mortal, but for the rest of his life he was kept in close and severe confinement.

It was from Mary Woodward herself, then Mrs. Miles Neville, the happiest and prettiest young wife and mother in Exeter, that I obtained the particulars of this story a good many years ago.

THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

It was New-Year's day—a day which is every where fraught with charming incidents in our own blest New-England. The streets of Boston were thronged with ladies, the sound of whose light feet upon the pavements, seemed almost as musical as the 'zone of sweet bells' around the waist of a Cashmerian maiden. Many a bright and beautiful face was peeping out, almost mischievously, from beneath a neat little bonnet; and many a sad face forgot its accustomed look, and caught the expression of joyousness around. The shopkeepers wore their most gracious looks, and the booksellers' smiles seemed to come from their very hearts. The windows next the street presented every variety of the rich and beautiful, and he must have been fastidious indeed who could find, among all these useful and splendid things, nothing to suit his fancy or to gratify his taste. Here and there could be seen those who had just now purchased a New-year's gift for children or friends. It was not easy to be mistaken in regard to such, for if the *organ* of benevolence was concealed from the eye, the *certainty* of that development shone out upon the countenance, telling most plainly that they were even then enjoying, in anticipation, the happiness of others.

Among the number of these joy-dispensing personages was a flourishing merchant in Washington-street. Mr. Thornton was the father of two sweet little girls, and of three fine boys; and he was hastening homeward thinking of the bright faces which a view of the neat package under his arm would make still brighter. 'Helen must have the Pearl, for the name,' thought he 'it is so like her own lovely self that it seems a fitting gift. Frances must have the Youth's Keepsake, since she places a high value upon anything presented by her friends. The Youth's Sketch Book will be a proper gift for Charles; the Child at Home for Henry; and little Edward must have the Picture Book.' These thoughts presented themselves to the kind father, and by the time he reached his dwelling, each gift was bestowed upon the right object.

After dinner the children received with eager delight their

New-year's gifts. Their mother was called upon again and again to examine and admire the beauties of each, and all were required to pay a tribute so justly due to the sweet little picture of 'George and his dog,' which Charles triumphantly displayed.

'But father,' said Frances 'where is mother's New-year's gift? I am sure it must be much prettier than either of ours, because she is so very good.'

The tears started into Mrs. Thornton's eyes, for Frances had touched a chord in her heart that was already overstrained; and she left the room to avoid showing her emotion. Helen saw those tears, and partly suspected the cause. Frances too observed them, and asked her father 'what made my dear mother weep?' The truth flashed upon Mr. Thornton's mind in a moment. 'The gentle wife,' thought he, 'the mother of these sweet children, the presiding genius, who keeps the harmony of my home so perfect, is silently suffering from my unpardonable thoughtlessness and neglect. Her cheek has grown very pale of late from her close and unwearied attention to our sick Edward, and her step has lost its wonted elasticity; and now I recollect that her face for some time past has worn a shade of sadness: but as she has made no complaint of illness or dejection, I have suffered these things to pass without notice. It might seem strange to *some* that a woman of so much firmness and equanimity could be moved by such a trifle. But it is *not* such a trifle. Affection is a woman's treasure,—it is *her* life. Why then should she not feel sad when the token is withheld! It is our fault if we neglect those little kindnesses and attentions by which we first won her love. We get engrossed in business, and almost forget the language and the mementos of affection which once were so familiar. In furnishing food for the body, the hopes and affections of the heart are often left to sustain themselves, or to droop, and wither, and die. Certainly this is not as it should be, and the blame is ours.'

Mr. Thornton's conclusion was natural and just. Affection is a woman's earthly treasure. With *this* to cheer and to sustain her, she can pass through trial and suffering as if she were insensible to either. Affection is her talisman to shield her from ill, and to scatter blessings rich and abundant in her path. When I see a woman sad, I almost invariably impute it to some real or imagined neglect from the being she loves. Ask her the cause of her dejection, and she will give you any other than the true reason. Her *heart* may break, but her *pride* will not brook a confidant in so sacred a sorrow.

It is an old saying, that affection is more easily won than retained. If such be the fact, then those almost nameless attentions which are all powerful in winning the young heart, should never be thought trivial or unnecessary to the happiness of after years. We may throw around us all the dignity we will—we may even seem cold and repulsive to some,—but our hearts at *home*, in the inner circle of the affections are human still, and even childlike in their unbending. And it is useless, nay worse than useless, to divest them of so graceful a simplicity. We should rather cherish these remains of a young and confiding affection and invest them with all their utility and their real sacredness.

There are a thousand delicate ways of manifesting regard toward a husband or wife, which are sources of mutual pleasure and profit. The wife of the day-laborer may trim her evening lamp, lay out his coat and slippers, and prepare some little nicety to sweeten his late repast. And he in return may bring her a bunch of flowers to adorn her little parlor, or a cluster of ripe strawberries, or at least a *look*, as if he understood and appreciated her kindness. Such attentions on his part will not only encourage her assiduousness to please him, but will cheer her amid the toil and suffering which is *everywhere* a part of woman's lot.

Affection is woman's dower—and no wonder that she watches over the heavenly gift with an earnest solicitude, lest it should become sullied in her keeping, or wrested from her possession. Can admiration, or applause, or splendor, repay her for its loss? No! these she does not covet, when the *richer* treasures of the heart are hers, by the beneficence of her Creator. Let but a *shadow* pass over her affections, and its withering power will long be felt, even though she may *seem* as one whom sorrow has never touched.

Man seldom marries until the ordeal of life has passed. He has learnt 'that all is not gold which shines,' and by his own experience has found that many a thorn is woven with the roses of life's smoothest pathway. He feels that woman's heart, though not *absolutely* perfect, may compensate him for the past, and solace him for the future. With woman, it is often otherwise. The path of life is to her still fresh and beautiful. All is disinterested and sincere which seems to be such. She has not learnt to doubt the integrity of others, or to throw a restraint upon her own innocent feelings lest she should be miscon-

strued and chidden; and when she gives away her heart, she never dreams that her lover will grow cold, or inattentive, or changed to her. But when she too has learnt the stern realities of life, occasioned in part by the selfishness, the heartlessness, and the injustice of the world, (for woman is rarely long screened from such evils,) it is then that a value is stamped upon a husband's love which was unfelt before. And wo—*deep wo* will be her's, if at this trying moment she is made to realize that he too is becoming changed like the world around. — The ordeal of life and the ordeal of the heart will then mix their bitterness together, till not an earthly ray is left to shine upon her path, nor a flower to embalm the air, or to feed her hopes with its sweetness and beauty.

Such might have been the lot of Mrs. Thornton but for the artless question of her affectionate child. She had of late experienced the change which passes over the mind of almost every one, and with it came the idea, occasionally, that she was less beloved than formerly by her husband. And that idea had more to do with the paleness of her cheek, and the languor of her step, than all her recent fatigue and anxiety for her sick boy. She bore up in silence, however, hoping, yet fearing: now blaming herself for her fears, and now trembling lest those fears were already realized. The question of her little daughter renewed and increased her dejection, and she hastened to her boudoir, where her tears might flow unobserved. Tears, fast falling tears, always bring relief. As long as one can weep freely, the fountains of the heart are not all embittered. Mrs. Thornton had already regained a serene countenance, when her affectionate Helen came lightly into the room and brought her own beautiful Pearl for her mother's acceptance. 'Mother,' said she, 'I have been trying to find a New-year's gift for you; but I can find nothing suitable except this, and if you will only receive it, I shall be much, *very much* happier, dear mother, than if I kept it myself.' Mrs. Thornton pressed the disinterested child to her bosom, and told her, 'she should ever value this proof of her affection, but that she needed not to *receive* the gift to increase her happiness. She felt humbled that she had ever given place in her heart to grief or discontent, with such a child to watch over her happiness, and to lighten her sorrows. She had learnt a lesson, which she hoped never to forget, that while it is in woman's power to confer happiness, at almost any personal sacrifice, she has yet a *precious* source

of enjoyment within her reach which it is her privilege to prize and improve. She felt resolved never again to yield to dependency while conscious of performing her duty.

Mr. Thornton spent the hours of the afternoon in searching into, and in following the impulses of his *really kind* heart. He determined that his amiable companion should no longer suffer from his thoughtlessness; and he resolved to commence his reform by presenting her, that very eve, a New-year's gift—the prettiest which real taste and affection could suggest.

The hour for tea brought together again the family group. The children could hardly help wishing that New-year would come oftener, or last longer. Mrs. Thornton was serene and peaceful of heart; for every selfish feeling had been sought out and subdued. Mr. Thornton was, perhaps, enjoying the most positive happiness of them all, for he was anticipating the grateful pleasure which would pervade the domestic circle, when he should produce the gift.

‘Oh, father! who can this be for?’ said Frances, as he took from its covering a small writing-desk of beautiful workmanship, which he placed for the moment upon the centre table.

‘It is a New-year's gift,’ replied Mr. Thornton, ‘for one who richly merits it,—one, who I am sure,’ said he (turning to his wife with an *expressive* look, and offering it for her acceptance,) ‘will receive it as a *sincere token of regard*.’

‘I do receive it as *such*,’ replied Mrs. Thornton; ‘it is a very, *very* welcome gift;’ and a rich flush of pleasure passed over her countenance as she gazed upon its fitness and beauty. On opening it, she was still more delighted with the taste and generosity of the donor. There was within, every appendage to so convenient a companion, and the Religious Souvenir, besides looking so modest, and yet so winning as fully to insure it a welcome reception. The children expressed even more pleasure, than on receiving their own recent gifts. Frances said she could not have selected so pretty a present for her mother if she had tried; and Helen, the gentle, and the dutiful, only *looked* as if she was very happy.

Mr. Thornton resolved, in his own mind, that for the future he would allow himself oftener the simple luxury he then enjoyed, with his own smiling family group around him, all blessing him with looks of gratitude and affection.

Maine.

S. F. W.

THE OLD MAIDS.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

"Mrs. SETON, Emily Dayton is engaged to William Moreland!"

"To William Moreland! Well, why should she not be engaged to William Moreland?"

"Why should she rather?"

"I know not Emily Dayton's 'why,' but ladies' reasons for marrying are as 'thick as blackberries.' A common motive with girls under twenty is the éclat of an engagement—the pleasure of being the heroine of bridal festivities—of receiving presents—of being called by that name so enchanting to the imagination of a miss in her teens—the *bride*."

"But Emily Dayton, you know, is past twenty."

"There is one circumstance that takes place of all reason—perhaps she is in love."

"In love with William Moreland! No, no, Mrs. Seton, there are no 'merry wanderers of the night' in these times to do Cupid's errands, and make us dote on that which we should hate."

"Perhaps, then, as she is at a *rational* age, three or four and twenty, she may be satisfied to get a kind sensible protector."

"Kind and sensible, truly! He is the most testy, frumpish, stupid man you can imagine."

"Does she not marry for an establishment?"

"Oh no! She is perfectly independent, mistress of every thing at her father's. No; I believe her only motive is that which actuates half the girls—the fear of being an old maid. This may be her last chance. Despair, they say, makes men mad—and I believe it does women too."

"An old maid's fate is certainly most horrible."

"Pardon me, Anne, I did not mean that; but such a fate as you anticipate for Emily Moreland—to be yoked in the most intimate relation of life, and *for life*, to a person to whom you have clung to save you from an abyss, but whom you would not select to pass an evening with. To such a misery there can be no end, measure, limit, bound."

"But, my dear Mrs. Seton what are we to do?—all women cannot be so fortunate as you are."

"Perhaps not. But so kind is the system of compensation in this life—such the thirst for happiness, and so great the power of adaptation in the human mind, that the conjugal state is far more tolerable than we should expect when we see the mismatched parties cross its threshold. Still there can be no doubt that its possible happiness is often missed; and such is my respect for my sex, and so high my estimate of the capabilities of married life, that I cannot endure to see a woman, from the fear of being an old maid, driven into it, thereby forfeiting its highest blessings."

"You must nevertheless confess, Mrs. Seton that there are terrors in the name."

"Yes, I know there are; and women are daily scared by them into unequal and wretched connections. They have believed they could not retain their identity after five and twenty; that unless their

individual existence was merged in that of the superior animal, every gift and grace with which God has endowed them would exhale and leave a 'spectral appearance'—a sort of slough of woman—an Aunt Grizzle or Miss Lucretia Mc Tab. I have lived, my dear Anne, to see many of the mists of old superstitions melting away in the light of a better day. Ghost is no longer a word to conjure with—witches have settled down into harmless and unharmed old women; and I do not despair of living to see the time when it shall be said of no woman breathing, as I have heard it said of such and such a lady, who escaped from the wreck at the eleventh hour, that she 'married to die a Mrs.'"

"I hate, too, to hear such things said. But tell me honestly, Mrs. Seton, now when no male ears are within hearing, whether you do not, in your secret soul, think there is something particularly unlovely, repelling, and frightful, in the name of an *old maid*?"

"In the name, certainly; but it is because it does not designate a condition, but a species. It calls up the idea of a faded, bony, wrinkled, skinny, jaundiced personage, whose mind has dwindled to a point—who has outlived her natural affections—survived every love but love of self, and self-guarded by that Cerberus suspicion—in whom the follies of youth are fresh when all its charms are gone—who has retained, in all their force, the silliest passions of the silliest women—love of dress, of pleasure, of admiration; who, in short, is in the condition of the spirits in the ancients' Tartarus, an impalpable essence tormented with the desires of humanity. Now turn, my dear Anne, from this hideous picture to some of our acquaintance who certainly have missed the *happiest* destiny of woman but who dwell in light, the emanation of their own goodness. I shall refer you to actual living examples—no fictions."

"No fictions, indeed, for then you must return to the McTabs and Grizzles. Whatever your philanthropy may hope for that most neglected portion of our sex, no author has ventured so far from nature, as to portray an attractive old maid. Even Mackenzie, with a spirit as gentle as my Uncle Toby's, and as tender as that of his own 'Man of Feeling,' has written an essay in ridicule of 'old maids.'"

"And you are not perhaps aware, Anne, that he has written a poem called the 'Recantation,' and dedicated it to his single daughter, a most lovely woman, who was the staff and blessing of his old age. In your wide range of reading, cannot you think of a single exception to the McTabbs and Grizzles?"

"Miss Ferrier's Beckie Duguid; but she is scarcely above contempt, trampled on by the children, and the tool of their selfish and lazy mammas."

"There is one author, Anne, the most beloved and the most lamented of all authors, who has not ventured to depart from nature, but has escaped pre-

judice, and prejudice in some of its most prevailing forms. He has dared to exhibit the Paynim Saladin as superior to the Christian Crusader. He has dispelled the thick clouds that enveloped the 'poor Israelite,' the most inveterate of all prejudices, transmitted from age to age, and authorised by the fancied sanctions of religion. I said the clouds were dispelled, but do they not rather hang around the glorious Rebecca, the unsullied image of her Maker, as the clouds that have broken away from the full moon encircled her, and are converted by her radiance to a bright halo?"

"Bless me! I never thought of this."

"No, nor has one in a thousand of the young ladies who have admired these heroines laid the moral of their story to heart. Perhaps not one of the fair young creatures who has dropped atear over the beautiful sentence that closes the history of Minna, has been conscious that she was offering involuntary homage to the angelic virtues of an *old maid*. The very term would have wrought a disenchanting spell."

"I confess, Mrs. Scaton, I am in what is vulgarly called a 'blue maze.' My perceptions are as imperfect as the man's in Scripture who was suddenly cured of blindness. Besides, I was never particularly skilful at puzzling out a moral; will you have the goodness to extract it for me?"

"Certainly, Anne; as I am the lecturer, this is my duty. First, I would have young ladies believe that all beautiful and lovely young women do not of course get married—that charms and virtues may exist, and find employment in single life—that a single woman, an old maid (I will not eschew the name,) may love and be loved if she has not a husband, and children of her own. I would have her learn that if, like Flora M'Ivor, she has been surrounded by circumstances that have caused her thoughts and affections to flow in some other channel than love, she need not wed a chance Waverley to escape single life; that if, like Rebecca, she is separated by an impassable gulf from him she loves, she need not weed one whom she does not love, but, like the high-souled Jewess, she may transmute 'young Cupid's fiery shafts' to chains that shall link her to all her species; and if, like poor Minna, she has thrown away her affections on a worthless object, she may live on singly and so well, that she will be deemed but 'little lower than the angels.'—There is Violet Flint: I always wondered how she came by so appropriate a name. I must call her by the old maidenish appellation that spoiling her pretty name they have given to her, 'Miss Vily.' She lives and has for the last twenty years lived, with her brother Sam. He married young, a poor invalid, who, according to Napoleon's scale of merit, is a great woman, having given to the commonwealth nine or ten—more or less—goodly sons and daughters. After the children were born, all care of them, and of their suffering mother, devolved on Violet. Without the instincts, the claims, the rights, or the *honors* of a mother, she has not only done all the duties of a mother, but done them on the sure and broad basis of love.—She has toiled and saved, and made others comfortable and enjoying, while she performed the usually thankless task of ordering the economy of a very frugal household. She has made the happy

happier, tended the sick, and solaced the miserable. She sheltered the weak; and if one of the children strayed, she was the apologist and intercessor. With all this energy of goodness, the cause is lost in the blessed effects—she never appeared to claim applause or notice. She is not only second best; but when indulgence or pleasure is to be distributed, her share is last and least—that is, according to the usual selfish reckoning. But according to a truer and nobler scale, her amount is greatest, for she has her share in whatever happiness she sees in any living thing.

"How many married dames are there who repeat every fifteen minutes, *my* husband, *my* children, *my* house, and glorify themselves in all these little personalities, who might lay down their crowns at the feet of Violet Flint!—Miss Vily, the *old maid*."

"The second example that occurs to me, is Sarah Lee. Sarah has not, like Violet, escaped all the peculiarities that are supposed to characterise the 'Singlesides.' With the chartered rights of a married lady to fret, to be *particular*, and to have a way of her own, her temper would pass without observation; but being an old maid, she is called, and I must confess is, rather *touchy*. But what are these sparks, when the same fire that throws them off keeps warm an overflowing stream of benevolence? look into her room."

"Oh, Mrs. Seton! I have seen it, and you must confess it is a true 'Singleside' repository."

"Yes, I do confess it—nor will I shrink from the confession, for I wish to select for my examples, not any bright particular star, but persons of ordinary gifts, in the common walks of life. Had Sarah been married, she would have been a thrifty wife, and pains-taking mother, but she wore away her youth in devotion to the sick and old—and now her kindness, like the miraculous cruise, always imparting and never diminishing, is enjoyed by all within her little sphere. Experience has made her one of the best physicians I know. She keeps a variety of labelled medicines for the sick, plasters and salves of her own compounding, and materials with which she concocts food and beverages of every description, nutritious and diluent; in short, she has some remedy or solace for every ill that flesh is heir to. She has a marvellous knack of gathering up fragments, of most ingeniously turning to account what would be wasted in another's hands. She not only has *comfortables* for shivering old women, and well-patched clothes for neglected children, but she has always some pretty favor for a bride—some kind token for a new-born baby. And then what a refuge is her apartment for the slipshod members of the family, who are in distress for scissors, penknife, thimble, needle, hook and eye, buttons, a needleful of silk or worsted of any particular color! How many broken hearts she has restored with her inexhaustible glue-pot—mending tops, dolls' broken legs, and all the luckless furniture of the baby-house to say nothing of a similar ministry to the 'minds diseased' of the mammas. Sarah Lee's labors are not always in so humble a sphere—'He who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before,' says a political economist, 'is a benefactor to his race.' If so, Sarah Lee takes high rank."

"Two blades of grass! Her strawberry beds

produce treble the quantity of any other in the village. Her potatoes are the 'greatest yield'—her corn the earliest—her peas the richest—her squashes the sweetest—her celery the tenderest—her raspberries and currants the greatest bearers in the country. There is not a thimbleful of unoccupied earth in her garden. There are flowers of all hues, seasons, and climes. None die—none languish in her hands.

"My dear Anne, I will not ask you if an existence so happy to herself, so profitable to others, should be dreaded by herself, neglected or derided by others. I have not done yet; there is our excellent friend, Lucy Ray. She is now gently drawing to the close of a long life, which I believe she will offer up without spot or blemish. She began life with the most fragile constitution. She has had to contend with that nervous susceptibility of temperament that so naturally engenders selfishness and irascibility, and all the miseries and weakness of invalidism. Not gifted with any personal beauty, or grace, she was liable to envy her more fortunate contemporaries. Without genius, talents, or accomplishments to attract or delight, she has often been slighted—and, what is far worse, must have been always liable to the suspicion of slights. But suspicion, that creator and purveyor of misery, never darkened her serene mind. She has lived in others and for others with such an entire forgetfulness of self, that even the wants and weakness of her moral part seem scarcely to have intruded on her thoughts. She has resided about in the families of her friends—a mode of life which certainly has a tendency to nourish jealousy, servility, and gossiping. But for what could Lucy Ray be jealous or servile? She craved nothing—she asked nothing, but, like an unseen, unmarked Providence, to do good; and as to gossiping, she had no turn for the ridiculous, no belief of evil against any human being—and as to speaking evil, 'on her lips was the law of kindness.' You would hardly think, Anne, that a feeble, shrinking creature, such as I have described, and truly, Lucy Ray could have been desired as an inmate with gay young people, and noisy, turbulent children. She was always welcome, for, like her Divine Master, she came to minister—not to be ministered unto.

"Lucy, like the Man of Ross, is deemed passing rich by the children, and an unfailing resource to the poor in their exigencies, though her income amounts to rather less than one hundred dollars.

"We sometimes admire the art of the Creator more in the exquisite mechanism of an insect than in the formation of a planet, and I have been more struck with the power of religion in the effect and exaltation it gave to the humble endowments of this meek woman, than by its splendid results in such a life as Howard's. Lucy Ray, by a faithful imitation of her master, by always adding and never obstructing the principle of growth in her soul, has, through every discouragement and disability, reached a height but 'little lower than the angels;' and when her now flickering light disappears, she will be lamented almost as tenderly (alas! for that almost) as if she were a mother; and yet, Anne, Lucy Ray is an *old maid*."

"You half persuade me to be one, too, Mrs. Seton."

"No, Anne, I would by no means persuade you or any woman to *prefer* single life. It is not the 'primrose path.' Nothing less than a spirit of meekness, of self-renunciation, and of benevolence, can make a woman who has once been first, happy in a subordinate and *second best* position. And this under ordinary circumstances is the highest place of a single woman. Depend upon it, my dear young friend, it is safer for most of us to secure all the helps to our virtues that attend a favorable position: besides, married life is the destiny Heaven has allotted to us, and therefore best fitted to awaken all our powers, to exercise all our virtues, and call forth all our sympathies. I would persuade you that you may give dignity and interest to single life, that you may be the cause of happiness to others, and, of course, happy yourself—for when was the fountain dry while the stream continued to flow? If single life, according to the worst view of it, is a moral desert, the faithful, in their passage through it, are refreshed with bread from heaven, and water from the rock.

"I shall conclude with a true story. The parties are not known to you. The incidents occurred long ago, and I shall take the liberty to assume names; for I would not, even at this late day, betray a secret once confided to me, though time may long since have outlawed it. My mother had a schoolmate and friend whom I shall call Agnes Grey. Her father was a country clergyman with a small salary, and the blessing that usually attends it—a large family of children. Agnes was the eldest, and after her followed a line of boys, as long as Banquo's. At last, some ten years after Agnes, long waited and prayed for, appeared a girl, who cost her mother her life.

"The entire care of the helpless little creature devolved on Agnes. She had craved the happiness of possessing a sister, and now, to a sister's love, she added the tenderness of a mother. Agnes's character was formed by the discipline of circumstances—the surest of all discipline. A host of turbulent boys, thoughtless and impetuous, but kindhearted, bright, and loving, had called forth her exertions and affections, and no one can doubt, either as lures or goads, had helped her on her road to heaven. Nature had, happily, endowed her with a robust constitution, and its usual accompaniment, a sweet temper; so that what were mountains to others, were mole-hills to Agnes. 'The baby,' of course, was the pet lamb of the fold. She was named, for her mother, Elizabeth; but, instead of that queenly appellation, she was always addressed by the endearing diminutive of Lizzy. Lizzy Grey was not only the pet of father, brothers, and sister at home, but the plaything of the village.

"The old women knit their brightest yarn into tippets and stockings for 'the minister's motherless little one' (oh, what an eloquent appeal was in those words!) the old men saved the 'red-cheeked' apples for her, the boys drew her, hour after hour, in her little waggon, and the girls made her rag babies. Still she was not in any disagreeable sense an *enfant gâtée*. She was like those flowers that thrive best in warm and continued sunshine. Her soft hazel eye, with its dark sentimental lashes, the clear brunette tint of her complexion, and her

graceful flexible lips, truly expressed her tender, loving, and gentle spirit. She seemed formed to be sheltered and cherished, to love and to be loved: and this destiny appeared to be secured to her by her devoted sister, who never counted any exertion or sacrifice that procured an advantage or pleasure for Lizzy. When Lizzy was about fourteen, a relative of the family, who kept a first-rate boarding-school in the city, offered to take her for two years, and give her all the advantages of her school, for the small consideration of fifty dollars per annum. Small as it was, it amounted to a tithe of the parson's income. It is well known, that, in certain parts of our country, every thing (not always discreetly) is sacrificed to the hobby—education. Still the prudent father, who had already two sons at college, hesitated—did not consent till Agnes ascertained that by keeping a little school in the village she might obtain half the required sum. Her father, brothers, and friends, all remonstrated. The toils of a school, in addition to the care and labor of her father's family, was, they urged, too much for her—but she laughed at them. ‘What was labor to her if she could benefit Lizzy—dear Lizzy!’ All ended, as might be expected, in Lizzy going to the grand boarding-school. The parting was a great and trying event in the family. It was soon followed by a sadder. The father suddenly sickened and died—and nothing was left for his family but his house and well-kept little garden. What now was to be done? College and schools to be given up? No such thing. In our country, if a youth is rich, he ought to be educated; if he is poor, he *must* be. The education is the capital whereby they are to live hereafter. It is obtained in that mysterious but unfailing way—‘by hook and by crook.’

‘The elder Greys remained in college; Agnes enlarged her school, learned lessons in mathematics and Latin one day, and taught them the next; took a poor, accomplished young lady from some broken-down family in town into partnership, and received a few young misses as boarders into her family. Thus she not only was able to pay ‘dear Lizzy’s’ bills regularly, but to aid her younger brothers. Her energy and success set all her other attractions in a strong light, and she was admired and talked about, and became quite the queen of the village.

‘I think it was about a year after her father’s death, that a Mr. Henry Orne, a native of the village, who was engaged in a profitable business at the south, returned to pass some months at his early home. His frequent visits to the parsonage, and his attentions, on all occasions, to Agnes, soon became matter of very agreeable speculation to the gossips of the village. ‘What a fine match he would be for Agnes!—such an engaging well-informed young man, and so well off!’ Agnes’s heart was not steel; but though it had been exposed to many a flame she had kindled, it had never yet melted.”

“Pardon me, Mrs. Seton, for interrupting you—was Agnes pretty?”

“Pretty! The word did not exactly suit her. At the time of which I am now speaking, she was at the mature age of five-and-twenty, which is called the perfection of womanhood. Prettiness is rather appropriate to the bud than the ripened fruit.

Agnes, I have been told, had a fine person, symmetrical features, and so charming an expression, that she was not far from beautiful, in the eyes of strangers, and quite a beauty to her friends and lovers. Whether it were beauty, manners, mind, or heart, I know not—one and all probably—but Henry Orne soon became her assiduous and professed admirer. Till now, Agnes had lived satisfied and happy with subordinate affections. She had never seen any one that she thought it possible she could love as well as she loved those to whom nature had allied her. But now the sun arose, and other lights became dim—not ‘that she loved Cæsar less, but she loved Rome more.’ Their mutual faith was plighted, and both believed, as all real lovers do, that the world never contained so happy, so blessed a pair, as they were.

“Lizzy’s second year of school was nearly ended; and one month after her return, the marriage was to be solemnised. In the meantime, Agnes was full of the cares of this world. The usual preparations for the greatest occasion in a woman’s life are quite enough for any single pair of hands, but Agnes had to complete her school term, and the possibility of swerving from an engagement never occurred to her.

“Lizzy arrived, as lovely a creature as she had appeared in the dreams of her fond sister. In the freshness and untouched beauty of her young existence, just freed from the trammels of school, her round cheek glowing with health, and her heart overflowing with happiness. ‘Here is my own dear Lizzy,’ said Agnes, as she presented her to Henry Orne; ‘and if you do not love me for any thing else, you must for giving you such a sister.’

“Henry Orne looked at Lizzy, and thought, and said, ‘the duty would be a very easy one.’ ‘For the next month,’ continued Agnes, ‘I shall be incessantly occupied, and you must entertain one another, Henry has bought a nice little pony for me, Lizzy, and he shall go over all his scrambling walks with him—to Skycliff, Roseglen, and Beach-cove, the place, he says, nature made for lovers; but my poor lover has had to accommodate himself to my working-day life, and woo me in beaten paths.’

“The next month was the most joyous of Lizzy’s life; every day was a festival. To the perfection of animal existence in the country, in the month of June, was added the keen sense of all that physical nature conveys to the susceptible mind.

“Wherever she was, her sweet voice was heard ringing in laughter, or swelling in music that seemed the voice of irrepressible joy—the spontaneous breathing of her soul. To the lover approaching his marriage day, time is apt to drag along with leaden foot, but to Henry Orne he seemed rather to fly with Mercury wings at his heels; and when Agnes found herself compelled, by the accumulation of her affairs, to defer her wedding for another month, he submitted with a better grace than could have been expected. Not many days of this second term had elapsed, when Agnes, amidst all her cares, as watchful of Lizzy as a mother of an only child, observed a change stealing over her. Her stock of spirits seemed suddenly expended, her color faded, her motions were languid, and each successive day she became more and more dejected. ‘She wants rest,’ said Agnes to Henry Orne;

'she has been unnaturally excited, and there is now a reaction. She must remain quietly at home for a time, on the sofa, in a darkened room; and you, Henry, I am sure, will, for my sake, give up your riding and walking for a few days, and stay within doors, and play on your flute, and read to her.' Agnes's suggestions were promptly obeyed, but without the happy effect she anticipated. Lizzy, who had never before had a cloud on her brow, seemed to have passed under a total eclipse. She became each day more sad and nervous. A tender word from Agnes, sometimes a look, would make her burst into tears.

"I am miserable, Henry," said Agnes, "at this unaccountable change in Lizzy—the doctor says she is perfectly free from disease—perhaps we have made too sudden a transition from excessive exercise to none at all. The evening is dry and fine; I wish you would induce her to take a little walk with you. She is distressed at my anxiety, and I cannot propose any thing that does not move her to tears."

"It is very much the same with me," replied Henry, sighing deeply; "but if you wish it, I will ask her." He accordingly did so—she consented, and they went out together.

"Agnes retired to her own apartment, and there, throwing herself upon her knees, she entreated her Heavenly Father to withdraw this sudden infusion of bitterness, from her brimming cup of happiness. 'Try me in any other way,' she cried, in the intensity of her feeling, and, for the first time in her life, forgetting that every petition should be in the spirit of 'Thy will be done,' 'try me in any other way, but show me the means of restoring my sister—my child to health and happiness!'

She returned again to her little parlor. Lizzy had not come in, and she sat down on the sofa near an open window, and resigned herself to musings, the occupation, if occupation it may be called, of the idle, but rarely, and never of late Agnes!

In a few moments Lizzy and Henry returned, and came into the porch, adjoining the parlor. They perceived the candles were not lighted, and concluding Agnes was not there, they sat down in the porch.

"Oh, I am too wretched!" said Lizzy. Her voice was low and broken, and she was evidently weeping. 'Is it possible,' thought Agnes, 'that she will express her feelings more freely to Henry than to me? I will listen. If she knows any cause for her dejection, I am sure I can remove it.'

"Why, my beloved Lizzy," replied Orne, in a scarcely audible voice, 'will you be so wretched—why will you make me so, and for ever, when there is a remedy?'

"Henry Orne!" she exclaimed, and there was resolution and indignation in her voice. 'If you name that to me again, I will never, so help me God, permit you to come into my presence without witnessess. No, there is no remedy, but in death. Would that it had come before you told me you loved me—before my lips confessed my sinful love for you—no—no—the secret shall be buried in my grave.'

"Oh, Lizzy, you are mad—Agnes does not cannot love as we do. Why sacrifice two to one? Let

me, before it is too late, tell her the whole, and cast myself on her generosity."

"Never, never—I now wish, when I am in her presence, that the earth at her feet would swallow me up; and how can you, for a moment, think I will ask to be made happy—that I could be made happy, at her expense? No, I am willing to expiate with my life, my baseness to her, that I shall soon do so is my only comfort—and you will soon forget me, men can forget, they say."

"Never—on my knees, I swear never!"

"Stop, for mercy's sake, stop. You must not speak another such word to me, I will not hear it." She rose to enter the house. Agnes slipped through a private passage to her own apartment.

She heard Lizzy ascending the stairs. She heard Henry call after her, 'One word, Lizzy—for mercy's sake, one last word.' But Lizzy did not turn. Agnes heard her feebly drag herself into the little dressing-room adjoining their apartment, and after, there was no sound but the poor girl's surpressed but still audible sobs.

None but He who created the elements that compose the human heart—and who can penetrate its mysterious depths?—can know which of the sisters was most wretched at that moment. To Agnes, who had loved deeply, confidently, without a shadow of fear or distrust, the reverse was total. To Lizzy, who had enjoyed for a moment the bewildering fervors of a young love, only to feel its misery that misery was embittered by a sense of wrong done to her sister. And yet it had not been a willing, but an involuntary and resisted, and most heartily repented wrong. She had recklessly rushed down a steep to a fearful precipice, and now felt that all access and passage to return was shut against her. Agnes, without having had one dim fear—without any preparation, saw an abyss yawning at their feet—an abyss only to be closed by her self-immolation.

She remained alone for many hours, she resolved, her spirit faltered, she re-resolved. She thought of all Lizzy had been to her, and of all she had been to Lizzy, and she wept as if her heart would break. She remembered the prayer that her impatient spirit had sent forth that evening. She prayed again, and a holy calm, never again to be disturbed, took possession of her soul.

"There is a power in goodness, pure self-renouncing goodness that cannot be overcome, but overcometh all things."

"Lizzy waited till all was quiet in her sister's room. She heard her get into bed, and then stole softly to her. Agnes, as she had done from Lizzy's infancy, opened her arms to receive her, and Lizzy pillowed her aching head on Agnes's bosom, softly breathing, 'My sister—mother!'

"My own Lizzy—my child," answered Agnes. There was no tell-tale faltering of the voice. She felt a tear trickle from Lizzy's cold cheek on to her bosom, and not very long after, both sisters were in a sleep that mortals might envy, and angels smile on.

"The rest you will anticipate, my dear Anne. The disclosure to the lovers of her discovery, was made by Agnes in the right way, and at the right time. Every thing was done as it should be by this most admirable woman. She seemed, indeed, to

feel as a guardian angel might, who, by some remission of his vigilance, had suffered the frail mortal in his care to be beguiled into evil. She never, by word, or even look, reproached Lizzy? She shielded her, as far as possible, from self-reproach, nor do I believe she ever felt more unmixed tenderness and love for her, than when, at the end of a few months, she saw her married to Henry Orne.

“My story has yet a sad supplement. Madame Cotin, I believe it is, advises a story-teller to close the tale when he comes to a happy day, for, she says, it is not probable another will succeed it. Poor Lizzy had experience of this sad mutability of human life. Her’s was chequered with many sorrows.

“Lapses from virtue at eight and twenty, and at sixteen, afford very different indications of the character; and I think you cannot expect much from a man, who at eight and twenty acted the part of Henry Orne. He was unfaithful in engagements, with persons less merciful than Agnes Grey. He became inconstant in his pursuits, self-indulgent, and idle, and finally intemperate in his habits. His wife—as wives will—loved him to the end.

“Agnes retained her school, which had become in her hands a profitable establishment. There she labored, year after year, with a courageous heart, and serene countenance, and devoted the fruit of all her toils to Lizzy, and to the education of her children.

“I am telling no fiction, and I see you believe me, for the tears are trembling in your eyes—do not repress them, but permit them to embalm the memory of an *old maid*.”

The Misfortunes of a New Coat.

I NEVER was so miserable in all my life, as the day I put on my new coat. My misery was heightened by the circumstance, that I expected to be particularly happy. I put it on after breakfast. It fitted me exceedingly well, and I have rather a handsome figure—at least, as my tailor tells me. I had been reading Miss Pardoe's "Speculation;" but the moment I put on my new coat, I found that my thoughts wandered to Broadway, and I could no longer participate in the interest of that novel. I buttoned my new coat; for the greatest natural philosophers inform us that we should always wear a new coat buttoned, that it may get the habit of sitting close to the body. I buttoned my new coat, and sallied forth. I passed through the western divisions of Bleecker-Street. It struck me that there was an unusual number of ladies at the windows. I did not care. I was sure that my new coat had a fashionable cut; so I said to myself "They may look at it if they please." I resolved, however, not to walk as if I were conscious that I wore a new coat. I assumed an easy, good humoured, condescending kind of air; and the expression of my countenance seemed benevolently to indicate that I would have addressed a few words to an old friend, even although he appeared in a coat that I had seen him in six months before. I did not wear my Indian handkerchief in my breast; for I look upon that as a stratagem to which men should resort only when the front parts of their coat get threadbare. I put my handkerchief (it is real India and I have only one of the sort) into my coat pocket, and I allowed one of the yellow corners to hang out as if by accident. I occasionally conveyed it from my pocket to my nose; but when I replaced it, a yellow corner, by the same accident, always hung out.

At the corner of Le Roy Place, several waiters touched their hats to me; and the two maid-servants, who were standing at the top of their area-stairs, looked after me till I was out of sight. When I came to where the coaches are, in the Bowery, three or four men asked me if I wanted a coach; but though their compliments rather pleased me, I declined their offers in a dignified and gentlemanly manner. Just as I passed a friend, in Chatham-Street, an individual, rather shabbily dressed, whispered in my ear, "Any old clothes to sell, sir?" I answered "No!" rather gruffly; for my first impression was that a kind of a sneer was intended to my new coat; but, on reflection, I feel convinced that these old-clothes-men only address persons of gentlemanly appearance; and therefore I take this opportunity of publicly expressing my regret for my severity to the individual in question, who, I am sorry to repeat, was rather shabbily dressed. Hitherto I had met with little to ruffle me.

Just as I turned into Pearl-Street, I rubbed against a white phantom, who passed on as if nothing had happened, but who left the whole of my right arm and shoulder covered with flour and dust. The daring villain was a baker, and, with a ruthless barbarity worthy only of a lineal descendant of the murderer Haggart he had attempted to destroy forever my coat and my happiness. Fortunately, an obliging colored man, who was near me at the

time, feeling my distress, lifted his hand, and, by a pretty violent application of it to my back and side, succeeded in restoring me to comparative peace of mind. The sun was shining brightly; all the world was abroad but I did not meet with one whose coat was so new as my own. I felt my superiority; I perceived that I was an object of universal attention. I don't know how many black eyes glanced sun shine into mine; I cannot recollect the number of blue ogles that stole my heart at every step. Opposite the Hospital, a gentleman, in a blue sur-tout and green spectacles, stopped me, and, addressing me in French, gave me to understand that he was a Spanish refugee—very poor and very miserable—and that, as he had been informed I was celebrated for my charitable actions, he hoped I would afford him a little assistance. I was rather pleased with the stranger's address; but how came he to be informed that I was celebrated for my charitable actions, I confess I cannot very well comprehend; for, with the exception of a penny I threw to a little boy who continued scraping on the fiddle under my window one day after dinner when I was falling asleep, I do not think I have given away a farthing in charity for the last nine months. The Spanish refugee, however, in green spectacles, had done me the honor to single me out, probably in consequence of the air of distinction which my new coat gave me, and it would have been very inhuman in me not to have presented him with half-a-crown. He received it with much gratitude, and I went on.

Passing Astor's Hotel, I encountered a cloud of dust, which I did not at all like, but which I was philosopher enough to submit to in silence. Several evils were awaiting me. The day was suddenly overcast; big heavy drops of rain began to fall—faster and faster—till a thunder-shower came tumbling down with irresistible violence. Good Heaven! rain—thunder-rain upon a new coat—the very first day I had ever put it on! I turned back—I ran—I flew—but in vain! Before I could reach the nearest place of shelter, I was completely drenched. I could have wept, but I was in too great agony to think of weeping. When I got to the east end of the Park, there was not a coach on the stand. I might have gone into several hotel's, but it would have been of no use—I was as wet as I could be. I walked straight home through the splashing streets. I do not think that I was in my right reason. I was to have dined out in my new coat, and now it would never look new again! It was soaked in water. I put my hand in my pocket mechanically to take out my silk handkerchief—I don't know why; Heaven and earth! it was gone; my pocket had been picked! I had lost my new silk handkerchief. The horrible conviction flashed upon me that the Spanish refugee in green spectacles, who had complimented me on my charitable actions, and to whom I had given half-a-crown, took it from me.

I reached home, more dead than alive. I threw off my coat, and sent it to the kitchen to be dried. My cook is a very good woman, but she is rather fat. I sat myself down meditating upon the uncertainty of human life. My reverie lasted a long while. Suddenly an odour like that of a singed sheep's head reached my nostrils. I started up: in a mo-

ment the fatal truth crossed my mind ; I rushed into the kitchen ; my cook was fast asleep, and my coat was smoking before the fire, burned brown in a dozen different places, with here and there several small holes. I seized a carving knife to stab the cook to the heart ; but, in my impetuosity, I tumbled over a kitchen tub, and as I fell, my head struck with a bump upon the cook's lap. She started up and calling me a " base monster," fled from the kitchen as fast as her dumpy legs could carry her dumpier carcass. I thought of committing suicide ; but just at that moment the chambermaid came to tell me that the tailor had called to know how I liked my new coat. I pushed my arm through one of the holes that had been burned in the back of it, tottered into the dining-room where he was waiting for me, and fell in a swoon at his feet.

J. P. K.

THE NEW COMER.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

OUR village was one day thrown into commotion by the arrival of a stranger, whose business there baffled the gossips, a sort of folks who usually know more of other people's affairs than of their own. The new comer was a gentleman, young and handsome, and, some said, rich, though on this point there was a dispute, for, though he dressed well and was lavish of his money, he kept no horses, and this in our village, be it known, was generally considered the test of opulence. He kept himself aloof from society, made few acquaintances, and either spent the day reading in his rooms or wandering off alone into the hills. On Sunday morning he attended church, and sat in the gallery, but, in the afternoon, he was to be seen idly strolling along the banks of the little river that wound around our village. This practice greatly scandalized some of the stricter folks, who accordingly set him down as no better than he should be. There was certainly something mysterious about him, said the gossips, and people did not court mystery unless they had something to conceal. The tide soon became strong against the new comer. He was voted, at most of the tea-tables, a suspicious character; while, at a few, he was even stigmatized as a forger, escaped convict, or something worse.

"Do you know?" said an elderly, red-armed spinster, at one of these assemblies, "that this Mr. Jones, the new comer, has been seen at night on the lake, rowing about like one crazy? It's my opinion the man's mad—perhaps a maniac escaped from the hospital. Don't you think there's something wild about his eye, Miss Christie?"

"Well, I don't know," said the lady addressed, putting down her tea-cup, and looking with some surprise at the speaker, "really you are always making out that folks are crazy. Now there's Mrs. Simpson, when she lost her husband, you said would grow crazy; and there's Polly Thorne, when Jim Stiles was drowned at sea, was certain to become a lunatic, you declared; and there's Nehemiah Maule—why, you had it, he was going mad for joy, right off the reel, when he drew the prize in the lottery. Everybody, Miss Jenkins, according to you, is going crazy—I expect, some day, you'll have it that I'm getting out of my head."

A general laugh followed this, after which Miss Christie continued with evident elation and in a patronizing tone,

"Now as for Mr. Jones, no one, if she was to talk from now till doomsday, could persuade me that he was crazy. It would be better for him,"

she said, lowering her voice, "if he was. It's my belief that the man's a——"

"What?" said half a dozen voices breathlessly.

Miss Christie first looked cautiously all around, and then, bending her head across the table, whispered,

"A burglar!"

"A burglar!" responded the voices, and then there was a silence, during which the hearers looked amazed from each other to the speaker.

"Yes! a burglar. And I'll tell you what makes me think so," she continued, still in a whisper. "Last night our help was returning from a visit out of the village, late at night, and just as she passed Squire Holdich's big house, who should she see but a man stealing along under the shadow of the fence as if to avoid observation. But she caught a glimpse of his face, nevertheless, and knew him to be Mr. Jones. Curious to see what he was doing there she hid in a clump of trees close by and watched him. Well he went all round the house, looking up at the windows, but stooping and shrinking into the shadow if he heard the slightest noise. He kept this up for near half an hour, and then went softly back to the pond, which, you know, comes close up to the back of the Squire's garden, and got into a skiff and rowed across to the tavern, but so stealthily that you couldn't have heard the least noise from his oars."

The opinion of Miss Christie, deduced from these facts, seemed plausible to her listeners. Squire Holdich was old and feeble, and lived almost alone. Nothing would be easier than to rob the old man. After some further discussion, it was resolved, Miss Jenkins only dissenting, that the new comer intended to break into the squire's house some night soon, and rob, and, perhaps, murder the old man.

From the tea-table the gossips went forth big with their intelligence, which early the next morning travelled through the village. About nine o'clock, and when the news was still fresh, the inhabitants were thrown into commotion by the information that Squire Holdich had been found that morning dead in bed, and it was rumored that marks of violence were on his person. The two facts were sufficient. The whole village was in a turmoil of horror, zeal and indignation. Search was instantly made for Mr. Jones, who, discovered in his chamber, was arrested, and dragged before the neighboring magistrate, the infuriated inhabitants not allowing him until then a word of exculpation.

"May I ask," said the prisoner, when order had been in some measure restored in the zealous crowd, and he found himself confronted with the magistrate, "what I am here for? Seized rudely in my room, and dragged hither by a vociferous

mob, I have had no opportunity to learn clearly of what I am accused, much less to defend myself. Let me hear the charge."

The pompous functionary, who never before having had a capital case before him, now fairly swelled with importance, stated the charge at length. The start of the prisoner on hearing of the squire's death, and his continued agitation were taken as conclusive evidences of his guilt. However, witnesses were called. The help of Miss Christie's family appeared and told her story. Now, for the first time, did a smile steal over the face of the prisoner. He waited until she had ceased, when he said,

"I think, sir, I can settle this matter easily. You must have seen my agitation on hearing Mr. Holdich's death. It was natural, for he was my uncle. But, of late years, we have been on indifferent terms, chiefly because I am a suitor for his daughter." Here the gossips opened their eyes. "I came here clandestinely, and under an assumed name, to see her. I am a lawyer by profession, of some little note I believe, since it is my good fortune to be attorney general of this state." Here the magistrate started and looked confounded. "There must, even in this little village, be many who have seen and can identify me. As for my uncle's death, I know not the facts yet, but he was apoplectic, and has probably been carried off by a stroke of that disease. Let the physician be sent for from the mansion, for one is, by this time, doubtless there, who can pronounce on the cause of my relative's death. Rumor is nothing, you know, sir."

The magistrate, at these words, was overwhelmed, and, for a space, lost his speech. Recovering it he was full of apologies, for now, on scrutinizing the face of the new comer, he recognized the able attorney general, whom he had worshipped at a distance, in Trenton, the preceding winter. He got down from his chair, expressed a world of regret, and was now as servile as he had been before important. Had a doubt remained on any one's mind it would have been removed by the arrival of the physician, who, having heard that a stranger had been arrested for the murder of Squire Holdich, hastened to tell the magistrate that the old man died of apoplexy.

The gossips of our village were for once confounded, and Miss Christie's surmises never thereafter obtained much credit. She, however, took her revenge by saying, twelve months after, when the heiress was united to her distinguished, but comparatively poorer cousin, that "Miss Holdich ought to be ashamed of herself for marrying a man her father opposed." But everybody else said that the heiress was right, since the old man had suffered the young people to love each other for years un-

opposed, and only became hostile to his nephew, of late years, when his avarice became a madness to him. Ellen had always been a dutiful child to her father when living—they said—but it did not follow that she must make herself miserable for life. And so even the gossips put Miss Christie down.

Our village still busies itself about every stranger's business; though we think we can say that the gossips are on the decrease.